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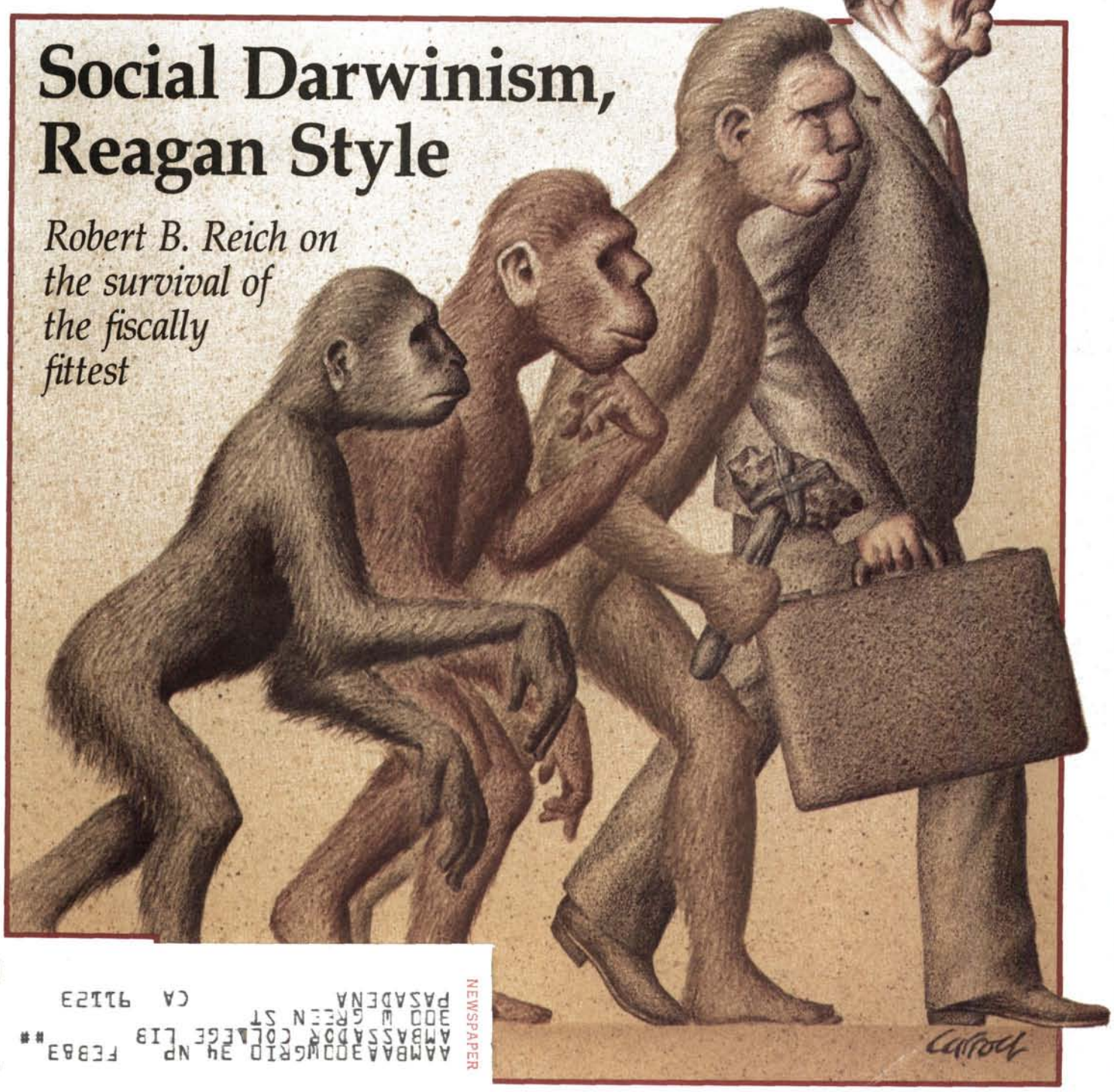

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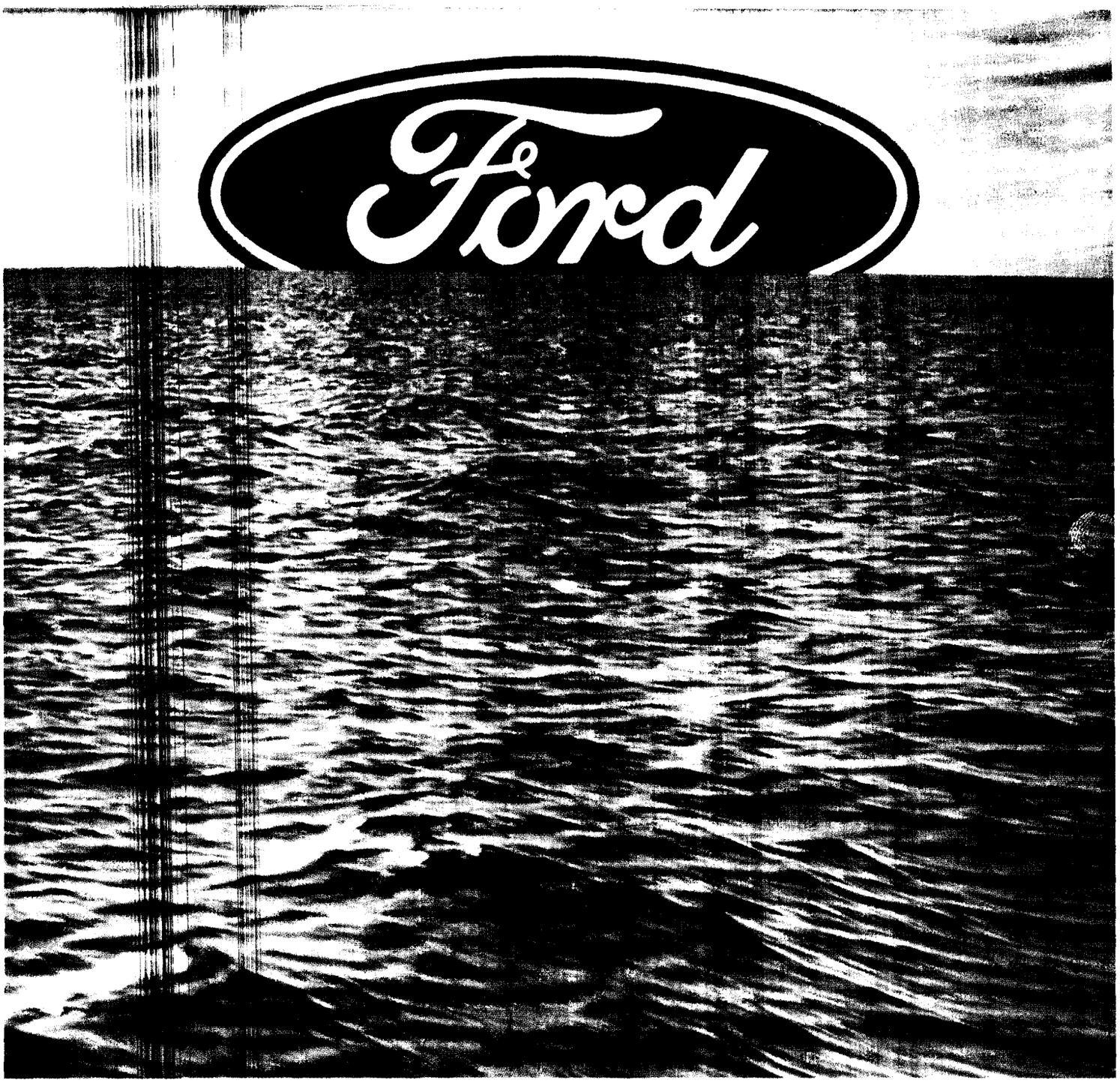

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CORRESPONDENCE

MENTAL BULIMIA

To the editors:

If it were possible to perform mental bulimia, I gladly would have gagged after reading Charles Krauthammer's review of *Jane Fonda's Workout Book* ("Stretch Marx," TNR, August 16 & 23).

To Krauthammer's eye, the only redeeming feature of the book is the "stacks of good, lean meat: page upon page of beautiful women, stretched out in various athletic poses." Ah yes, if only those beautiful women would "see fit" to keep their mouths shut about the weighty issues of the day.

Really, Mr. Krauthammer, try not to be so obvious.

SHARON MAHONEY
Ketchum, Idaho

To the editors:

I heartily agree with Charles Krauthammer that genuine radical democrats need to repudiate Jane Fonda's "Adidas socialism." But I think Krauthammer errs by asserting that politicized health and hygiene is traditionally the province of the far right and Orwell's noodle-brained leftist coalition. Readers of William Leach's excellent book, *True Love and Perfect Union: the Feminist Reform of Sex and Society* (Basic, 1980), learn that many nineteenth-century American progressives and feminists advocated a program of physical self-improvement in the name of liberal reform. Leach also argues that the feminism of reformers such as Jane Croly prefigures the Progressivism of liberals such as her son, TNR's own Herbert Croly. What then is the lesson of Fonda's silly exercise? That we all need beware the false politicization of happily apolitical pursuits.

THOMAS DEPIETRO
Charlottesville, Virginia

THE DARTMOUTH RAG

To the editors:

Robin Davis describes *The Dartmouth Review* as a "special-interest newspaper" that represents a socially acceptable "alternative point of view"("Rag-Time at Dartmouth," TNR, August 16 & 23). She mistakenly assumes that any person in our society has an absolute right to say or write anything he or she desires. In the whole history of civilization this has never been acceptable, nor are such sweeping "rights" guaranteed by our First Amendment. By living in society, one accepts certain responsibilities, obligations, duties. One of these is nonaggression toward one's fellows. By publishing vicious (not humorous or satirical, as the *Review*'s editors would have it) articles of ridicule and defamation against blacks, Indians, homosexuals, and others, the *Review* is committing an act of aggression and inciting others to unsocial behavior. The *Review* stands for nothing more than what the Ku Klux Klan and the American Nazi Party stand for—the elimination of the basic rights of other individuals and groups in society, groups which are different from the KKK, Nazis, and *Review* supporters. The goals, and the means to achieve them, espoused by the KKK, Nazis, and *Review* are not part of the constitutional freedoms of this or any other country, nor should they be.

LAWRENCE BARMANN
St. Louis, Missouri

Robin Davis replies: Freedom of speech, even for Nazis and Klansmen, is indeed protected by the First Amendment. That is as it should be.

To the editors:

I believe that Robin Davis's article on *The Dartmouth Review* misses the point. Although it may espouse certain conservative causes, I gather that *The Dartmouth Review* is more appropriately viewed as an organ that promotes, like the "Punk Rockers" of my generation, a philosophical point of view that nothing matters. I hope both groups eventually grow up.

JOSEPH B. FAY
Lisbon Falls, Maine

To the editors:

I'm grateful to Ms. Davis for calling it to my attention that *The Dartmouth Review*'s "grown-up advisory board" lists me as a member. The *Review* did this without my knowledge or permission, and I've asked it to stop. Its editors have not solicited my advice; if they did, I would tell them, "Enough, already." I defend their right to publish, but I am not now, nor have I ever been, an adviser.

EDWIN DIAMOND
Massachusetts Institute of Technology
Cambridge, Massachusetts.

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FROM WASHINGTON

One Sweet Deal

The defendant in the case entered the federal courthouse in Brooklyn through a basement garage. He slipped into the courtroom through a side door, and, hands clasped before him, faced the judge. Frederick W. Richmond pleaded guilty to income tax evasion, possession of marijuana, and unlawfully supplementing the salary of a civilian Navy employee by arranging to have his daughter's tuition paid.

As part of the plea-bargaining deal, Richmond also resigned the seat in Congress he has held for the past eight years. New York's 14th district is partly black and Hispanic, and mostly poor. Richmond was a leading defender of food stamps. The district includes the Hasidic Jews of Williamsburg; to handle their concerns, Richmond employed caseworkers who spoke Yiddish. Another part of the district, Brooklyn Heights, has a large homosexual population, and Richmond supported gay causes.

"He serves everybody. He has done a very good job. His office was always open to people," growls Brooklyn Democratic boss Meade Esposito. Esposito was acquainted with Richmond's predecessor, John Rooney, who held the seat for thirty years. As chairman of the subcommittee that handled appropriations for State and Justice, Rooney coddled the FBI and became a notorious lapdog for J. Edgar Hoover. Richmond challenged Rooney in 1968, spending $200,000 of his own money, a sum that bought him a pounding in the primary. But he learned some valuable lessons about how things work in Democratic machine politics. Richmond turned up again in the next campaign—as Rooney's campaign manager in a successful race against the late Al Lowenstein.

Richmond also began turning up around the district with an open checkbook, supporting the Democratic organization directly and other enterprises indirectly. Richmond is worth $32.4 million, much of it from Walco National Corporation, in which he owns a controlling interest. Funneling much of it through a tax-exempt foundation named after himself, Richmond spread cash among black churches, athletic clubs, civic associations, and boys clubs. A federal judge was later to find that this constituted the purchasing of political support. But when Rooney retired in 1974, Richmond inherited his seat.

Richmond was a good Congressman—civil-rights and consumer oriented, a champion of the poor. He demanded credit for his good works, and got it. When Fred Richmond needed press coverage, any nearby reporter stood in danger of getting his lapels tugged off.

All this began to come apart in 1978, when Richmond was arrested for offering a 16-year-old boy money for sex. He admitted it, pleaded not guilty, entered a first-offender program, and got the charges dropped. In effect, his first plea bargain. In an emotional letter to his constituents, Richmond invoked his faith in God and begged for understanding. The orchestrated outpouring of sympathy included a host of Richmond foundation grant recipients, including, ironically, a statement of support from the Brooklyn Navy Yard Boys Club. Richmond was reelected.

Then came the Walco scandal. When he went to Congress, Richmond claimed he had retired from Walco. He got a $1-million pension deal over ten years. But a federal judge found that Richmond had faked his retirement, that he was running the company. That's illegal. And Walco employees admitted doing Richmond's political work on company time. Also illegal. Congressional staff members were paid with corporate funds. Illegal. Walco kept a $2-million pied-à-terre on Sutton Place (which is not in Brooklyn) to house

continued on page 45

This column is by Ken Bode, national political correspondent for NBC News.

Private and parochial schools can teach public schools a lesson

Students at non-public schools consistently attain higher academic achievement not because their schools are richer or elitist but because their schools stress academic excellence, order and discipline, and a high degree of teacher involvement. These findings, based on a nationwide survey of more than 1,000 schools, are detailed in a book that "should be read by anyone who is concerned about the issues of school reform in the 1980s."—*Diane Ravitch*

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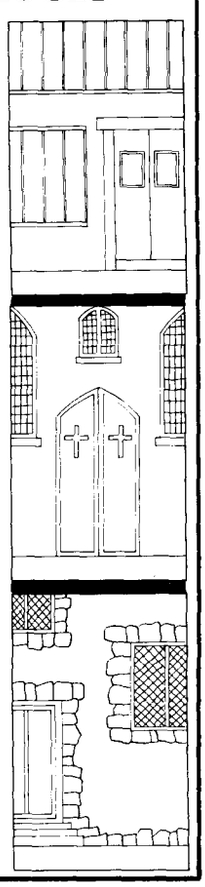

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THE NEW REPUBLIC

SEPTEMBER 20 & 27, 1982

PLUGGING THE BORDER

Well-meaning people, when faced with a genuine dilemma, have a way of freezing—glancing nervously from one poor choice to another and holding absolutely still. Sometimes, as the dilemma looms larger and anxiety builds, they feel compelled to leap, and then they are as apt to tumble as to land on their feet. Immigration policy presents that kind of dilemma. For fifteen years American immigration law has remained essentially unchanged, even though for at least that long there has been a perception that the nation's borders are out of control. Now, for a variety of reasons, and to the relief of just about everyone, the Senate has voted to do something about it. We wish we could agree that the Senate bill takes a promising step toward a just and practical immigration plan. But it doesn't, and we can't.

In all fairness to the bill's sponsors, Senator Alan Simpson of Wyoming and Representative Romano Mazzoli of Kentucky, no one is likely to come up with an immigration plan that can be welcomed enthusiastically by thoughtful people. The fundamental business of any such plan is to decide which and how many people, of the prodigious millions who apply, may come to this country—and to see to it that the rest are kept out. There is no humane way to close the door on one's neighbors when those neighbors are jobless and starving, or uprooted by war, or eager to rejoin relatives, or simply looking for a chance at a better life. These kinds of hopes and suffering are easily lost in the detached debate over "push" and "pull" factors in international migration. Until people stop wanting desperately to come to the United States in numbers far greater than can be accommodated, the government may well have to find ways to discourage them. But no one should be comfortable with a program so deeply at odds with our traditions and our collective self-image.

With this in mind, what the Senate bill does *not* do is significant. Nowhere does it recognize, still less make some effort to get at, the long-term roots of the problems. Few Senators, with the notable exceptions of Edward Kennedy and Gary Hart, bothered to talk about immigration as a foreign policy issue. Nothing in the bill addresses the economic underdevelopment, the despotism and social strife, and the explosive population growth that characterize the "sending nations" of migrants and refugees. Cynics notwithstanding, the United States would not have to stamp out war and hunger to have an effect on population flows. Anything that increases prosperity in Mexico, Central America, and the Caribbean Basin—such as foreign aid targeted to labor-intensive industry or the abolition of protectionist tariffs on products like sugar—will reduce the pressure on our borders. But the Senate, looking to its pocketbook, passed over these proposals entirely.

Even on its own terms, as a first step and a difficult choice among competing values, the Senate bill is a curious palliative. It is, in fact, of two minds on most of the really hard questions about illegal immigration. Much of the bill presupposes that illegal aliens are stealing American jobs, yet one provision expands the

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"guest worker" program in a way that will probably multiply tenfold the number of foreign workers legally in the United States. It calls for stricter border control and a secure national identity card, but provides no funds for either. It calls for an "amnesty" of sorts, but it can't really decide whether to legalize or get tough with illegal aliens already here. Whatever this confusing pastiche will accomplish, it certainly won't slow illegal immigration. But it will probably do some active harm.

Much of the harm will come from the planned "employer sanctions." These would impose criminal penalties on companies that knowingly gave jobs to illegal aliens, in the hopes of reducing the economic incentive for sneaking across the border. Weighty authorities—eighty-one Senators, the last two Presidents, and the blue-ribbon Select Commission on Immigration and Refugee Policy—have endorsed employer sanctions. They are desperate, and they are wrong. Employer sanctions, though plausible in theory, are after all a backwards technique. You might just as well bar unwanted guests from the house by forbidding anyone to feed them once they breezed through the door. Even if that scheme would work, compassionate planners should prefer stopping immigrants at the door to starving them out when they arrive. But really, does anyone believe the employment outlook for illegal aliens here will ever be as grim as it is already for them at home? Or that conditions in the United States will be less attractive than the life that prompted 27,000 Haitians to cross open seas in leaky dugouts?

WITH OR WITHOUT employer sanctions, there will continue to be plenty of opportunity for collusion between desperate aliens and cynical American employers. Employers need only ask for two forms of common identification—birth certificate, say, or driver's license, or Social Security card—to show "good faith" in complying with the law, and these documents are commonly forged already. Even this sanction assumes that somebody will be spot-checking employers, a thoroughly dubious proposition. The Senate's answer to all this is to ask the Justice Department to develop a "secure" national ID card within three years. It goes unmentioned that this card, besides being necessarily based on existing—forgeable—identifiers, would cost $1 billion to $2 billion in its first year and some hundreds of millions annually thereafter, according to Select Commission estimates. Congress will probably never appropriate anything close to this sum for immigration control. If it does, it might better buy a few gallons of fuel for the Immigration and Naturalization Service, whose pathetically few border patrol helicopters have been known to run out.

In any case, ineffectiveness is not the best reason for opposing employer sanctions. The best reason is that they will inevitably cause trouble for Hispanics and other "foreign-looking" citizens legitimately looking for jobs. Two kinds of employers will harass or stop hiring them: the racists who have been looking for an excuse, and the cautious sorts who don't want to chance any trouble with government bureaucrats. This is too high a price to pay even for an effective program, let alone an empty facade.

THE SENATE BILL has other flaws, some of them added to win the support of special interests and hardline proponents of a crackdown, any crackdown. A good example of the latter is what happened to the plans for "amnesty" (legal resident status) for illegal aliens already in the country. The idea behind amnesty is that the United States has no intention of trying to hunt down and deport all the illegal aliens (the last attempt, called Operation Wetback, deported substantial numbers of Hispanic American citizens who could not produce identification) and should not be willing to tolerate a permanent underclass. An amendment to this perfectly sensible proposal divides the aliens into three categories and calls for three different levels of amnesty—an administrative nightmare that almost completely defeats the original intent. Another example is the expanded guest worker program, which eliminates the current requirement of "unique and emergency circumstances" for the importation of temporary foreign labor. Few provisions could be more contrary to the general spirit of the bill, but this pacifies companies with an interest in cheap and docile labor. Other flaws range from the serious (stripping courts of jurisdiction in asylum cases) to the silly (a "sense of the Congress" that English is "the official language of the United States").

The only significant consistency in this bill, in the end, is its unwillingness to pay the costs of its own putative program. And that's as it should be. Stopping illegal immigration is far from impossible, after all, merely undesirable on balance. A government can seal its borders at once, if it will only spend enough money on soldiers and barbed wire, and shoot every migrant who tries to cross the line. Any maximalist attempt to deal with illegal aliens will confront the same problems as that one, in kind if not in degree: it will be too expensive or it will stomp unacceptably on the basic civil rights of the people involved. Immigration problems are going to be with us for the foreseeable future, and Congress will not effectively control them until it stops trying to solve them.

Our own preference for a first step would combine programs to address international "push" factors with significant expenditures on border patrols and on targeted enforcement of existing labor laws. This last, incidently, is a real employer sanction. Most employers of illegal aliens are flouting minimum wage, overtime, health and safety, or tax laws—that, in fact, is the chief incentive for hiring illegals in the first place.

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Cracking down hard on this kind of cynical exploitation in the agriculture, textile, and service industries would help purge the economy of its dependence on illegal labor and do as much as anything to discourage border-hopping. Discourage, but not stop. That is the immigration dilemma, and the House, in crafting its own bill, would be wise to learn to live with it. The Senate's impulsive leap can only make things worse.

Unlearned Lesson

Golda Meir once said that she could forgive Arabs for killing Jews, but not for making Jews have to kill Arabs. One of the great tragedies of the 35-year-old Arab-Israeli war is that for many Palestinians, abandoned and exploited by their Arab brothers and raised on hatred and fear, fighting the Jews has become an end in itself. In a revealing piece in *The New York Times*, Thomas Friedman described George Habash's euphoria during the early days of the Lebanese war, days when the PLO suffered crushing setbacks and enormous casualties. Mr. Habash expressed his joy—he said he could now die happy—that the Palestinians whose fathers had not fought in 1948 were finally rising to fight the Jews. He seemed undisturbed at the time that hundreds of his men had to die to exorcise that demon. How does one stop a war in which one of the parties fights not so much in pursuit of victory but in response to some psychological necessity?

The Arabs are now creating a new mythology around the 1982 war, as far removed from reality as the mythology they have built around the other Arab-Israeli wars. They speak not only of heroic resistance in Beirut, but of victory. Such inversions of the facts are not new in the Arab-Israeli conflict. Anwar Sadat, who insisted that psychology was 80 percent of the Middle East problem, encouraged the Egyptian view that they had won the 1973 war. What Mr. Sadat really learned from that war is that he could never win: even a two-front surprise attack on Israel had cost him thousands of casualties and left him routed before the superpowers rescued him. So he used the myth of victory to bring his people along the road to a peace whose necessity was for him the real lesson of the war.

Alas, there is no Sadat to draw the same lesson from 1982. Instead, Yasir Arafat's deputy, Abu Iyad, now reportedly bound for the safety of Damascus, says that if the PLO was committed to armed struggle before Beirut, it is ten times as committed after Beirut. Mr. Arafat, sailing away to Greece after a final triumphal procession through the streets of Beirut, proclaims Palestinian resistance the latest war proof of the invincibility of their cause. The Palestinians will now become a volcano in the Middle East, he says, until they achieve victory. For this new fantasy, more are sure to die.

Notebook

□ RICHARD L. STROUT, who has written this magazine's T.R.B. column since 1943, has been selected by the American Political Science Association to receive its first annual Carey McWilliams Award. The award, which is named for the late editor of *The Nation* from 1955 to 1975, is presented "to honor a major journalistic contribution to our understanding of politics." Mr. Strout, by the way, is on vacation, and next week the rest of us will be, too. This is a double (and expanded) issue. We'll be back the week after next.

□ THE SOVIET PRESS AGENCY Novosti responded to the Marines' landing in Lebanon by saying that "the Pentagon is getting entrenched on a bridgehead lying near the Soviet borders." This expansive interpretation of the Soviet Union's borders makes us wonder if the Pentagon itself will not soon be defined as being too close for comfort.

□ SENATOR JESSE HELMS, Neanderthal of North Carolina, went on the Cable News Network the other day and said that Menachem Begin had "done the impossible" by "making a palatable character out of Arafat." Helms, alas, has no such Henry Higgins to do the same for himself.

□ ROY ROGERS AND TRIGGER are riding off into the sunset once again. Only the trails don't seem so happy these days. Opposed to any form of gun control, the pistol-toting cowboy of television, screen, and fast-food fame has agreed to appear on National Rifle Association commercials attacking a California referendum on the November ballot that would require all handguns to be registered with the State Attorney General's office. "They'll have to shoot me first to take my gun," he vows.

□ "BIG TEPEE: HUD AWARDS $1.12 million to an Arizona Indian tribe to build a 150-room hotel on its reservation." This perpetuation of a misguided stereotype (southwestern Indians traditionally live in pueblos, not tepees) comes from the front page of *The Wall Street Journal*, in its weekly "Washington Wire" feature. The "Tepee" may indeed prove "big," but the grant can't approach the Administration's gifts to the *Journal*'s faithful clientele—Heap Big Business.

□ FIFTY YEARS AGO IN THE NEW REPUBLIC: "The Communists' candidate for President doesn't waste much time opposing conventional capitalists. He attacks, first of all, those who, though capitalistically inclined, want to do something to bring social planning into the system —in other words, capitalist radicals. But these, he thinks, aren't half so dangerous as the trade unions,

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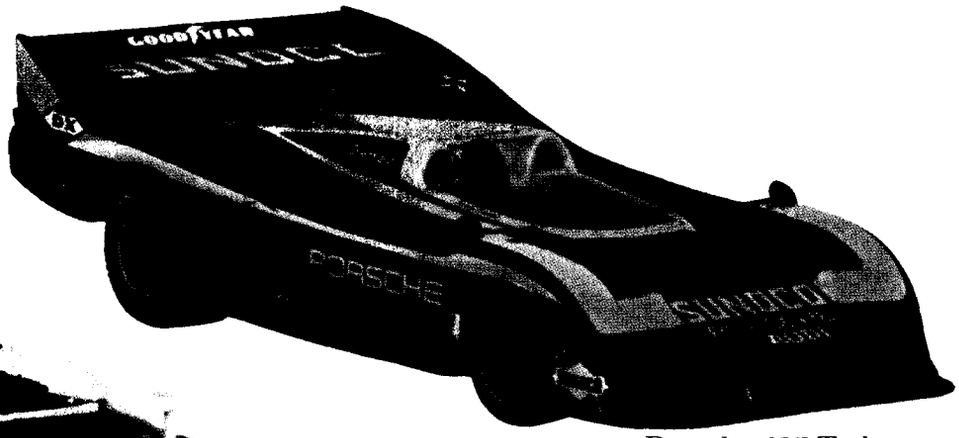
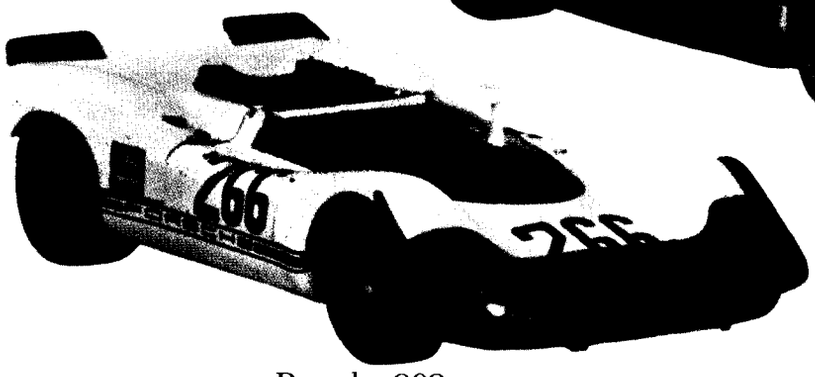


Porsche 917 Turbo



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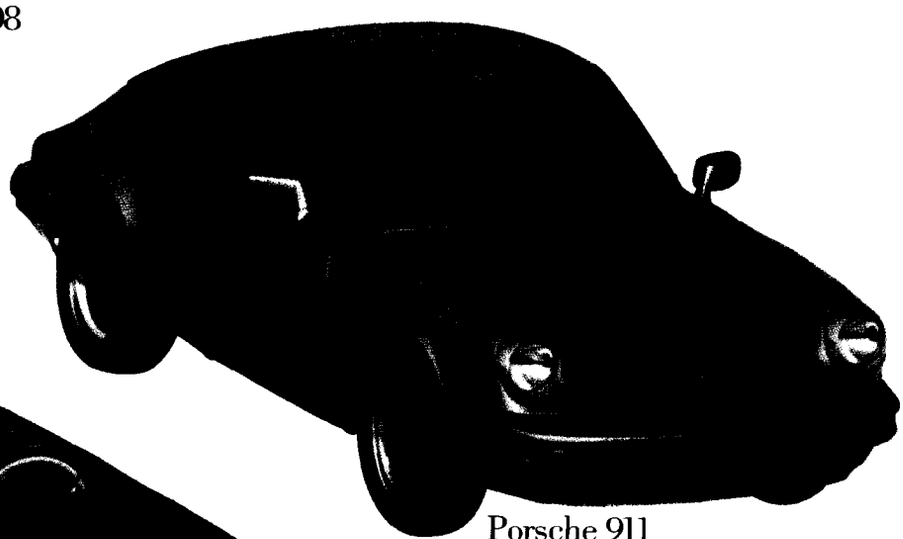

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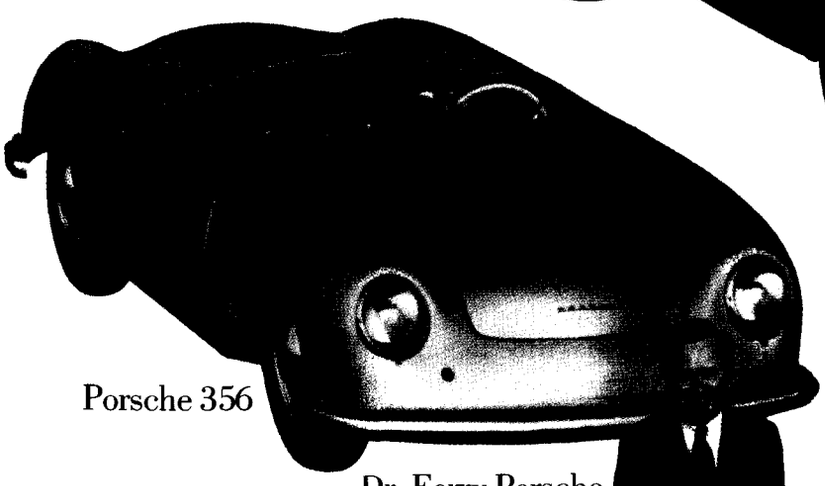

Porsche 356

One Man's

Dr. Ferry Porsche

My work and my hobby are the same: building cars that are fun to drive. Building cars that have the best possible engineering. Building *Porsches*.

The very first Porsche was the 356.

We had no marketing research to guide us. So it was designed to my personal specifications: small, lightweight, with good handling, and the power of a large car.

The idea was to build a racing car for the normal roads. And, in fact, in 1951, when the 356 was first entered at Le Mans, it won its class.

The second Porsche was, *and still is*, the 911.

First produced in 1964, it's forever young. Its engine displacement has been increased from the original 2 liters to 3 liters. And its output has been raised from 130 hp to 172 hp. Today, on the track, the 911 accelerates from 0 to 50 mph in 5.8 seconds. Its maximum speed: 139 mph.

The 911 and its derivatives have won countless major victories in motor sport, including rallies, hill climbs, and races. The 935 Turbo, for example, won the World Championship of Makes in 1976, '77, '78, and '79.

At Porsche, we view the race track as a proving ground. For on the track, under the stresses, surprises, and realities of competition, the best engineering wins. And what we learn from our race cars, we put into our production cars.

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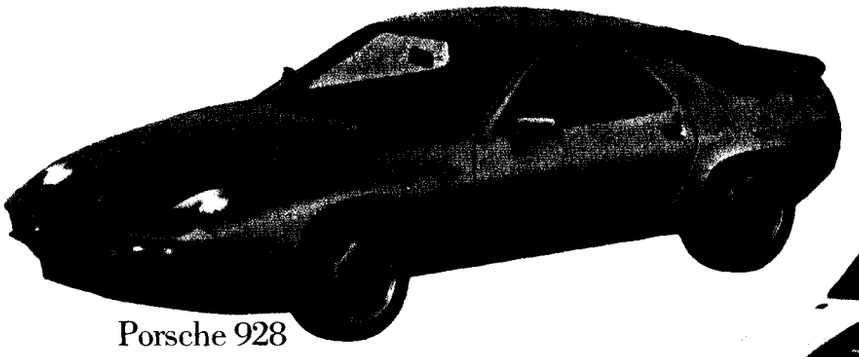

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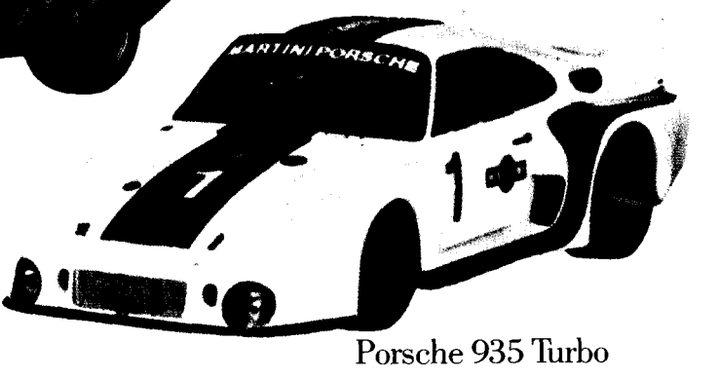
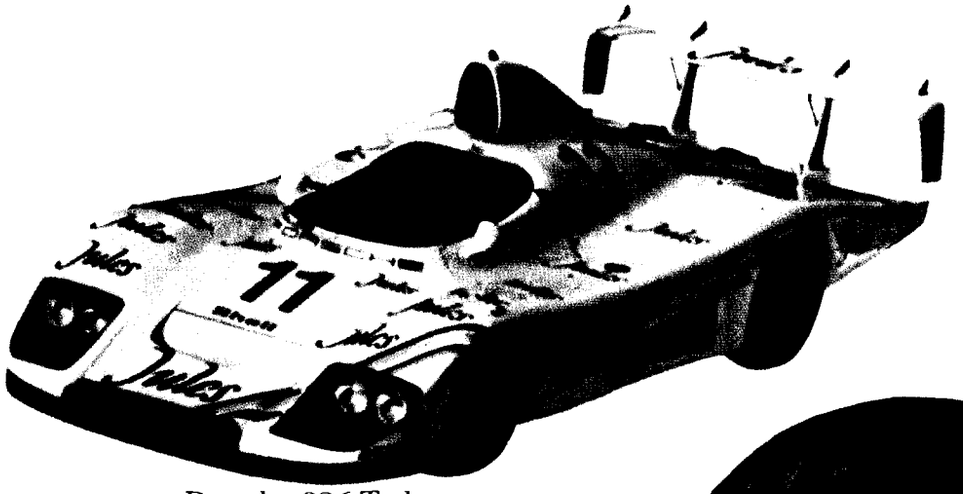


Porsche 935 Turbo



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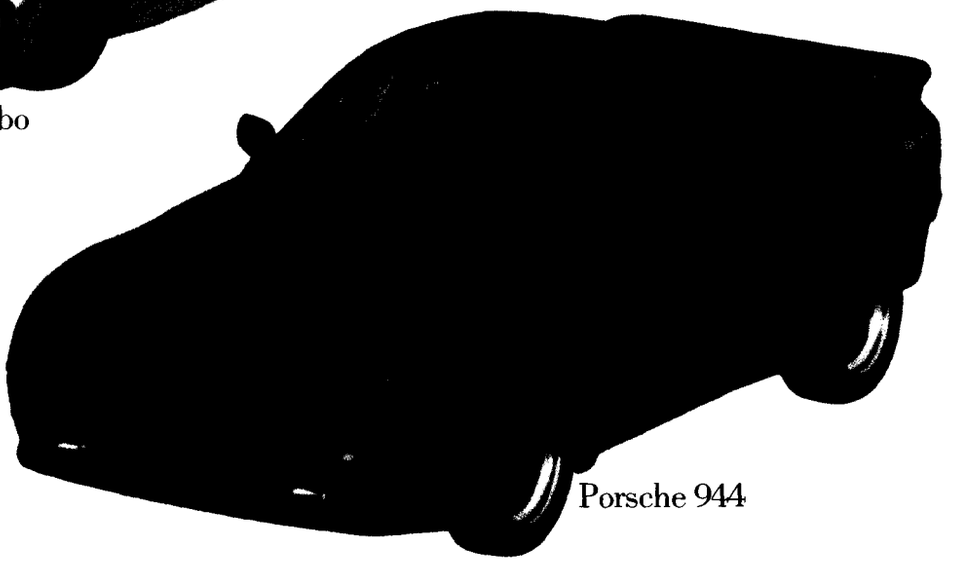

Porsche 944

Family.

The 917 Turbo Can-Am champion (1973) made turbocharging practical for production cars.

The 936 Turbo Le Mans champion (1976,'77,'81) further advanced engine design and aerodynamic efficiency.

The 908 Targa Florio champion (1970) set the handling standards for all Porsches, including our new-generation 928.

The 928 has a 4.5-liter, 220-hp, aluminum Porsche V-8 engine. On the track, it accelerates from 0 to 50 mph in 6.0 seconds. And it has a maximum speed of 143 mph.

The 928 also has the Porsche transaxle design which produces balanced braking and improved cornering. And the 928 offers unprecedented comfort and luxury in a Porsche.

The newest Porsche is the 944.

It has a new 2.5-liter, 143-hp, aluminum Porsche engine, built at Zuffenhausen. On the track, it accelerates from 0 to 50 mph in 5.9 seconds. And it has a maximum speed of 130 mph.

The 944 also has the Porsche transaxle design, Porsche handling, and Porsche aerodynamics.

To me, the 944 is more than a new car. It is a new and true Porsche.

At Porsche, excellence is expected.

PORSCHE + AUDI

Dr. F. Porsche
Stuttgart

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who do the capitalists' dirty work for them. They, in turn, are minor villains compared with the Socialists. Mr. Foster's condemnation gains in intensity as he looks leftward on the scale of revolutionaries, until he arrives at the arch-fiend, Trotsky himself! To be a capitalist is, in Communist eyes, regrettable, but beware of being a Fascist, and beware most of all being a Social Fascist. (For the benefit of the uninitiated, it is necessary to explain that both Norman Thomas and Trotsky are Social Fascists.) The first aim of the Communist party will be to 'liquidate' you, if you are so rash as to try to reform, and especially to abolish, capitalism without accepting its leadership." (Review of William Z. Foster's *Toward Soviet America*, by George Soulé, September 28, 1932.)

The primaries: Massachusetts.

THE KING AIN'T DEAD

EDDIE KING is the kind of politician who makes League of Women Voters types cry in their coffee. A shameless demagogue, he is adept at using the phrase "tough on crime" several times in the same sentence. He won his last election, an aide said, "putting all the hate groups in one cauldron and letting it boil." Few have accused his administration of vision, but a number of his appointees have been charged with other crimes, notably extortion. He is a favorite of the Reagan White House. Yet Eddie King is governor of the state where every now and then you can still see an orange Volvo with a faded bumper sticker saying NIXON 49-MCGOVERN 1: DON'T BLAME ME. I'M FROM MASSACHUSETTS, the state that sends Ted Kennedy back to the Senate by enormous margins every six years. What's more, there is at least a good chance that Eddie King will survive a concerted liberal onslaught and win the Democratic nomination for a second term.

A year ago, it looked as if Michael Dukakis—a former governor who is a good-government liberal—would beat King in a walk on September 14. Dukakis, who was elected in 1974 and upset by King in 1978, had built an organization of unprecedented strength. Every poll showed him 40 points or more ahead in the rematch. Those numbers held through early spring, when the Dukakis campaign, in the words of one staffer, "hit its emotional peak," sweeping a series of local party caucuses. But then came summer, and Dukakis's bulge began to melt. A recent television poll still showed him 27 points ahead, but in-house polls from both camps showed the gap at 10 points or less and narrowing. Massachusetts pundits, never known for timidity, are all in the "too close to call" camp. And King (who was nearly 20 points down in the polls with a week to go last time) confidently predicts victory.

One reason for the Dukakis slide is the strange turn his campaign has taken in recent months. For instance, a campaign aide thought it would be funny to play a taped parody of King's sex life to a few reporters, and word leaked out, badly embarrassing the straight-arrow Dukakis. It is hard to find any of his supporters who think he has run a good race, and their most common complaint is that he has avoided the issues, or all the issues save one. "The only word that comes out of his mouth is 'corruption,' " says one man who has worked for both King and Dukakis. "On everything else, he is afraid of insulting any constituency."

CONCENTRATING his attacks on corruption makes some sense for Dukakis—the King administration has already lost one cabinet member to the penitentiary, and a complex scandal currently unfolding in the revenue department has apparently led one old buddy of the governor's, an alleged target of the investigation, to hang himself in his attic. But stressing his own honesty and little else does nothing to reassure the liberals who have doubted Dukakis's commitment to human needs ever since he cut social spending to clear the state's deficit during his first term in office. In 1978 a number of those liberals deserted Dukakis to back the insurgent candidacy of a former mayor of Cambridge, Barbara Ackerman; this year they have no third candidate to support, but Dukakis still must coax them into the voting booth. Furthermore, it is questionable how much impact the corruption issue has on the middle- and working-class voters Dukakis must attract. "Corruption is like the Red Sox choking," one Boston political observer said. "People just expect it."

And incumbency has it virtues, even in the post-Watergate era. King made the most of his position this summer, handing out grants left and right, and convincing the legislature to pass a small tax cut and a new drunk driving bill, thereby generating a lot of ink on two of his favorite subjects. By beating the drum on *his* issues—opposition to abortion, support for capital punishment, and the like—King seems to be luring the same voters he did four years ago. And this time he has the support of a lot of Bay State businessmen happy with his laissez-faire, even supply-side, approach to matters fiscal. The state's economy, though, seems finally to have lost the insulation against recession that hi-tech industry once provided: the unemployment rate this summer has reached 9.5 percent, just 0.3 below the national average and a dramatic increase over the level a year ago, thus depriving King of his most potent boast.

As so often happens in Massachusetts, the campaign between King and Dukakis seems to be turning into a fight between blue collar and white, between the Irish and the others, between people who can't stomach the

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stench that comes from the King administration, and those who couldn't abide the cerebral sterility of Dukakis's four years in office. One Dukakis supporter declares, "When people get in the booth, they are going to say, 'I can't vote for that dishonest S.O.B.' " But a King backer, one who has been through a campaign or two, counters that no matter what people tell the pollsters, in their heart of hearts they are a lot more comfortable with the incumbent and his traditionally Massachusetts way of doing things. "When Michael walks into the room, he gets a lot of applause. People tell him how much they like him," the King supporter said. "It reminds me of a guy that while he was alive everybody hated. But when he died they all went to his wake. And they said, 'Oh, what a sweet guy he was.' "

BILL MCKIBBEN

Bill McKibben, a staff writer for *The New Yorker*, has covered Massachusetts politics for four years.

The primaries: New York.

BRUISING FACE-OFF

NEW YORK POLITICS is like the National Hockey League. Hockey teams skate and slash their way through a long season, but in the end all except a couple of them get into the playoffs. It can be the same with New York politicians. There will be a round of voting for governor on September 23, and there is a chance that no one will be eliminated. Mathematically, all four of the candidates—Mayor Ed Koch and Lieutenant Governor Mario Cuomo (the Democrats) and drugstore magnate Lewis Lehrman and former U.S. attorney Paul Curran (the Republicans)—could qualify for the November election. Politically, it seems likely that three of them will.

As one of three states that permit cross-endorsements of another party's candidates, New York will have Cuomo on the Liberal Party line and Lehrman on the Conservative Party line in the general election, no matter what primary voters decide. Polls and politicians pick Lehrman on the Republican side. That would drop Curran from the playoffs. With the Democrats, it is less certain. Koch—who has a gift for saying what people, particularly suburbanites who see him on television but don't have to ride the subways, like to hear—is leading. But some think that Cuomo, who was outmaneuvered for support and outperformed on television when the two ran against each other for mayor of New York City five years ago, could pull it out this time.

Medically, too, New York politics is like hockey. Whoever gets into the finals will arrive bruised and missing a couple of political teeth. Koch says scornfully that Cuomo has "no record." Cuomo says Koch has no loyalty to his party or its principles. Republicans argue over Curran's support by a leader convicted of taking kickbacks and over the failure of Lehrman, a multimillionaire, to pay New York income taxes in years when his family lived in the state but he maintained an official residence in Pennsylvania.

THE REPUBLICAN RACE was supposed to pit a man with roots in the party against a nervy outsider who was trying to buy the nomination. That was how Curran's people saw it. But they bungled so badly at the state party meeting that Lehrman won the state committee's endorsement and now has the support of most Republican leaders. Whomever he faces among the Democrats, Lehrman will be confronted with questions about some things he has been saying. How should the state help property-poor school districts? "In the context of the overall economy," he says grandly: there will be an economic expansion, and before you can say *deus ex machina*, the money will appear. And what about his plan to have the state help local police with money saved by cutting state-level welfare?

No doubt Koch and/or Cuomo will have plenty of questions for him. At the moment, though, they are preoccupied with each other. Their language is tart. "If Mario Cuomo left the country for three months, would you miss him?" Koch asked the other day. And Cuomo criticizes the mayor's "ignorance" of state government. But their real argument is a fair enough dispute over contrasting qualifications. Koch depicts himself as a mayor who brought a bloated city budget into balance. He says Cuomo has no record as a government executive. Cuomo calls himself a proven conciliator. He says Koch has abandoned the Democratic Party's liberal traditions and cozied up to Ronald Reagan in 1980.

Polls say the mayor is strong with Jewish and suburban voters. ("Ex-New Yorkers," says his campaign manager, Peter Piscitelli. "They love him. It's fantastic.") Financial reports say the Koch side has raised twice as much money ($2.7 million compared with $1.1 million). And the candidate has a quotable capacity to dominate the front pages and the six o'clock news.

But the Koch campaign lacks the joy of his first run for mayor, the palpable belief that here is a job he is itching to do. Despite the talk about how the "new federalism" is focusing governmental power in the states, there is not nearly as much to do in Albany as in city hall. The governor makes a budget and deals with a legislature, but he doesn't govern much of anything. And some suspect Koch wants to escape city hall

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before voters decide they are fed up with the relentless cuts in service forced by the monitors who were brought into power in 1975 during the city's cash-flow crisis. Others note that the portraits of former governors along the second-floor corridor of the state capitol building include two (Theodore and Franklin D. Roosevelt) who spent a total of twenty-one years in the White House, and two others (Al Smith and Thomas E. Dewey) who at least made the finals. The standard New York cliché is that "this election will be a signal to the nation." Some years it is, and this might be one of them. All three of the likely playoff contenders have some potential as national candidates.

"Well, you won't *rule out* running for President," a WNBC-TV interviewer put to Koch the other day. The mayor had just said, well, of course he would be proud to be the first Jewish President, but it was most unlikely he would be. The interviewer, Gabe Pressman, was trying to salvage a potential headline. "Oh, look," Koch said in an exasperated tone. "You wouldn't *rule out* being president of NBC. But it isn't going to happen to you. And it isn't going to happen to me."

IT'S A GREAT technique, the indignantly reasonable evasion. But it would be far from unreasonable for the mayor to think of the Albany executive mansion as a temporary stopover on the way to the White House. He is a Democrat who knows how to talk tough about crime and money—and make people laugh in the process. Cuomo is more of a long shot, but he, too, could fill a slot. He is an attractive guy and an old-fashioned liberal, popular (as Senator Kennedy, for instance, is not) with his fellow Catholics, who are now a swing vote for Democrats. And Lehrman—who first won attention urging a return to the gold standard—probably could out-conservative even Jack Kemp.

All of that, of course, is for another season. For the moment, assuming Curran will be cut September 23, New York politicians size up the next round this way: If the Democrats nominate Cuomo, he probably will win. New York, where the pot has not so much melted as settled into a perpetual boil, still votes with great ethnic awareness. An Italian-Catholic-Democrat-Liberal against a Jewish-Republican-Conservative would not be much of a fight. If Koch is nominated, it sets up a three-way election. And that could be tricky. Whom would Cuomo, as the Liberal Party candidate, hurt most? Would he siphon more liberal Democrats from Koch or more conservative Italians from Lehrman? Would he run all out as a Liberal? Or would he honor his Democratic roots and ask his supporters to swallow hard and vote for Koch? Like hockey playoffs, it's complicated.

MAURICE CARROLL

Maurice Carroll is Albany bureau chief for the *The New York Times*.

The primaries: Washington, D.C.

BLACKER THAN THOU

WHEN PATRICIA ROBERTS HARRIS was deciding whether to run for mayor, she used to take her own informal polls in meeting halls and churches. "I don't want to run just to be entertainment for the six nights a week 'Hill Street Blues' isn't on," she would say. Then the former ambassador (to Luxembourg) and Cabinet secretary (of the departments of Housing and Urban Development and Health and Human Services) would ask her listeners if they felt a need for her to run and oust the incumbent, Marion Barry. The answer was always yes: she should run, and she would win going away. "Atlanta has Andy Young," said one woman. "Washington needs Pat Harris."

Yet as the September 14 Democratic primary approaches, Harris is trailing. Despite her status as a living "first black" legend in a city with a 70 percent black population, and her greater national fame, the endorsements have been going overwhelmingly to Mayor Barry. Harris marvels at the city's "bizarre" willingness to "forgive and forget" Barry's failures, which include an array of well-reported budgetary and bureaucratic foul-ups.

But it is not so much the voters' willingness to overlook Barry's faults that explains his current strength as it is his skillful use of his incumbency. Barry is the city's second elected mayor, but the first to wheel and deal over city-owned land, particularly the lucrative parcels of downtown property. He is the first mayor to make a political tool of the city government's control of licenses and permits, and to spread the network of local influence among black businessmen seeking contracts, developers looking for development rights, and activists in city politics looking for jobs or the prestige of appointments to boards and commissions. Harris is an outsider to this world, and her talk about a change for the better is seen as a threat to a still-fragile web of arrangements. Washington didn't have home rule before 1974, and Barry has made an issue of the fact that Harris, a member of several corporate boards, is comfortable with Congressmen and white businessmen of the sort who ran the city in the bad old days.

Barry has given the municipal unions, which demonstrated against him back when he was cutting the city's payroll, a juicy three-year contract with a 21 percent pay hike over three years—a far more generous increase than the federal employees working down the street received. He has come to terms with angry parents and the school board and increased the school system's budget. He has told minority contractors he can only direct more city contracts their way if they back him. They have, raising nearly $100,000 for

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him at one Georgetown cocktail party. For Capitol Hill residents worried about rising crime, he found money to renovate a police station that was scheduled to be closed. Barry has reminded ministers—who are a strong political force here and who don't like his support of gay rights and legal lotteries—that funds for day-care centers and church-run housing developments come through him. He has advertised his accessibility to the business and political community, which has filled his campaign treasury with over $900,000. Barry has some seventy-five paid campaign workers—an unheard-of size for a mayoral campaign in any city.

BARRY HAS TRIED to leave voters with the impression that Harris, with her dyed blonde hair, is not quite black enough. Some voters remember that Senator William Proxmire, in a famous colloquy at Harris's confirmation hearings for her HUD post, asked her if she wasn't too much the successful corporate lawyer to understand the problems of the disadvantaged. (Fewer remember her passionate reply, in which she spoke of being the daughter of a Pullman porter and of experiencing discrimination first hand.) Barry, for his part, has been reminding people that he can "talk to the Ph.D.s, the D.D.s [doctors of dentistry] and the no-Ds [no diplomas]—I can talk in the suites as well as on the streets." His campaign manager, Ivanhoe Donaldson, describes his man as the "black candidate" and calls Harris a "celebrity, a star, a personality."

Andrew Young has endorsed Barry. So have several dozen other former Carter appointees, some of whom say privately that Harris is a harsh, uppity woman who didn't have enough blacks or women working for her in the federal government—even though Harris's hiring record was, in fact, among the best in the Carter Administration. Donaldson says Harris will end up like Arthur Goldberg, the former everything who ran for governor of New York. "He told the voters, 'I'm a star and you're lucky to have me.' The voters knew better than that. You can't walk in from the outside and be a politician. He lost." Actually, Barry has lived here only half as long as Harris has. She moved to Washington in the late 1940s as a student at Howard University, where she later served as dean of the law school. He came to the city in the mid-1960s as a representative of the old Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee.

No issues of substance separate Harris and Barry. Both are liberal Democrats. Both backed Jimmy Carter over Ted Kennedy. Their argument is about style, personality, and competence—with a hint of racial one-upmanship tossed in for good measure. Harris might well do a better job of whipping the city's clumsy bureaucracy into shape, revitalizing the economy, and improving the schools. But Harris can't match Barry's campaign staff. Politically, she's an amateur.

As the campaign enters its final days, Harris's only hope is that voters, in the privacy of the voting booth, will decide they want a change. She has been angling for the endorsement of *The Washington Post*, which backed Barry four years ago and was a key to his victory over the city's first mayor, Walter Washington. And she is hoping that a barrage of television advertising can convince voters that, no matter what Barry says, she is (1) black, (2) nice, and (3) a Washingtonian.

But the hour is late and Barry is a good politician. Harris, as she herself concedes, is not. If Marion Barry wins, his triumph will be a tribute to the politics of self-interest and racial strain among blacks who have been convinced that Patricia Harris, somehow, is just passing for black.

JUAN WILLIAMS

Juan Williams is a reporter and city hall columnist for *The Washington Post*.

Why the Archives are in tatters.

BROKEN RECORDS

FRIENDS OF the National Archives staged some first-rate hearing room drama last March. Testifying before several subcommittees, an impressive array of popular historians took turns lamenting the 16 percent budget cut for fiscal 1982 and prophesying the devastation that would follow passage of the 30 percent cut proposed for 1983. Alex Haley told his hushed listeners that a casual browse through the Archives' census records changed the course of his life, inspiring him to begin the twelve years of work that produced *Roots*. Barbara Tuchman described unearthing the original decode of the Zimmerman telegram. She termed the budget cut "an atrocity," and compared it with the burning of the library at Alexandria in the third century B.C. "What is the Archives?" Tuchman asked the members of the House present for her testimony. "It is you; it is us."

Tuchman's was only one of several impassioned performances that seemed to border on the histrionic. When compared to recent assaults on other federally funded institutions, certainly, the Archives' 16 percent budget reduction—from $89 million to $75 million—looks less than tragic. The Reagan Administration originally tried to halve appropriations to the National Endowment for the Arts and the National Endowment for the Humanities; last spring, it proposed 30 and 26 percent cuts for them respectively. So far the Archives' cuts have not resulted in changes that would indicate that things are as dire as the archivists' and their

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chorus imply. A reduced budget of $75 million has not prevented the National Archives and Records Service (NARS) from providing researchers with access to census records or diplomatic dispatches, by far the most heavily used of its resources. Nor has it forced the Archives to start charging admission, or to shorten its generous (by comparison with the hours of the District of Columbia Public Libraries, for example) hours of 8:45 a.m. to 10 p.m. At first glance, archivists' complaints about staff losses or the cancellation of their interlibrary loan program hardly seem as compelling as the protests of those who have been deprived of CETA jobs, federally funded legal services, or food stamps.

YET THE ARCHIVISTS are right. There is evidence to support their predictions that the seemingly mild 16 percent cut may deal the mortal blow to an already ailing agency which provides crucial services to the nation. The Archives were created by Congress in 1934 to collect and organize federal documents deemed to be of permanent historic value. Today archivists must keep track of nearly 1.5 million cubic feet of official records that fill the Archives' headquarters in Washington, seven Presidential libraries, and fifteen regional records centers around the country. The Archives' collection is vast and varied, containing films produced under F.D.R. to promote the New Deal, census records dating from 1790, captured home movies of Eva Braun frolicking on Hitler's lawn, and the papers of the Continental Congress. The agency's budget, however, far from keeping pace with the size of its task, has actually declined in real terms over the last ten years. Although NARS has access to one computer system, it lacks the staff to use it, and archivists today must still frequently rely on the same antiquated catalogues and retrieval systems that were used when the Archives headquarters was constructed.

The Archives' troubles, however, have a deeper source than the Administration's austerity crusade. Ever since 1949, when the Archives were entrusted to the newly created General Services Administration, archivists have complained that the GSA's mission (providing housing and custodial services to the civilian branches of the federal government) and NARS's mission (preserving history) are fundamentally incompatible. Archivists charge that GSA's politically appointed administrators are always more interested in keeping down the price of desks than in looking after the welfare of the Archives, and have simultaneously shortchanged its budget and required it to pay an unreasonable price for the use of GSA's buildings and services. Statistics bear out the archivists' charge that GSA administrators, in their penny-pinching zeal, have slowly starved NARS: while in the past ten years the budget of the Smithsonian has increased by 150 percent, and the budget of the Library of Congress has increased by 225 percent, NARS's budget has increased by only 60 percent. Moreover, because NARS must give back to the GSA about 40 percent of its budget to pay the fixed costs of the twenty-eight buildings it rents from its parent agency, the 16 percent cut must be absorbed by the remaining half of the NARS budget. The result has been a disproportionately heavy staff cut: NARS, a labor-intensive agency which can ill afford to lose staff, has had to dismiss 20 percent of its personnel since September 1981.

The diminished staff, at the behest of the GSA and its own civic-minded conscience, has set aside essential preservation and cataloging tasks and has devoted itself to serving an ever-demanding public. Genealogy buffs, the Archives' most frequent visitors, can still reel through old censuses on microfiche viewers in search of their heritage, and tourists can still parade through the Archives' dim, domed exhibition hall, where the Declaration of Independence, the Constitution, and the Bill of Rights rest behind glass in all their yellow authenticity. Yet behind the scenes, in the Archives stacks, the staff shortage has caused serious problems. A 1978 Archives survey found more than one million cubic feet of records in need of $1 billion worth of preservation to keep them from crumbling to dust, but since NARS's preservation lab staff has been cut to seventeen, NARS is less equipped than ever to save its own documents, which decay irreversibly if they are not treated. The papers of the Continental Congress, for example, are in serious disrepair, as are many U.S. treaties which have never been photographed or microfilmed.

THE STAFF CUTS also prevent the Archives from keeping an accurate inventory. Records of the FBI, the Department of Justice, the Immigration and Naturalization Service, and other federal agencies remain uncollected while archivists—many with Ph. D.s in archival science—spend their days pushing carts filled with documents back and forth between the stacks and the reading room. They are forced to neglect what they call "project work"—the organization and description of documents—including tasks like cataloging the records of the Secretary of the Navy and the papers of Richard Nixon. There is no standard guide to the records collected since 1974, because the archivists have not had time to complete one. In the coming years archivists will find themselves charged with more and more material that can be read only with the aid of computers, yet if the Archives receives no new equipment and no new staff to program that equipment, researchers not only will have great difficulty finding the documents they need; they may not even be able to read them.

When Congress created NARS, it had something more in mind than a library for history buffs. The Archives was intended to be an agency that, because it collected records from the federal government, made it possible for citizens to investigate the actions of their

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government. In losing an effective NARS, we lose an agency which has forced other federal agencies to justify their actions. We lose as well the agency that, as the collector of permanent records, has been the keeper of our national memory. It is the business of a democratic government to keep its own records. Even the most austere of representative governments cannot rationalize doing what this one has effectively done—treating the National Archives as though they were an arts frill.

Archivists have been saying for years that one way to save NARS is to free it from the GSA. They say that GSA so dominates NARS that the latter cannot impress its importance upon the federal government and the American public. It's time to listen. Last spring's hearings showed that a substantial body of angry and willing Archives advocates already exists: the Coalition to Save our Documentary Heritage, which led the campaign to try to protect the Archives from the current budget cuts, has fifty-seven member groups alone. Giving NARS autonomy from GSA by making it an independent federal agency would at least allow its supporters, inside NARS and outside it, to plead its cause directly before Congress, without the intervention of the GSA. It would also equip the Archives to do what in these days has regrettably become requisite for survival—court private contributors. Creating its own identity and finding a charismatic leader like Vartan Gregorian, who in the past year was able to increase contributions and grants to the New York City Public Library by $3.7 million, might be the smartest thing a liberated NARS could do to ensure its own survival.

AMITY SHLAES

Sweden's 'middle way' is pointing nowhere.

TROUBLE IN PARADISE

BY STEVEN KELMAN

Stockholm

SWEDEN IS IN TROUBLE. For a decade its per capita economic growth rate has been only about half the average for Western democracies. Big industries like shipbuilding, steel, and iron mining are on the ropes, pummeled by foreign competition. The government has been running budget deficits amounting to nearly 12 percent of GNP (proportionately several times ours), and much of the money is being borrowed from outside the country. Sweden, once the darling of American liberals because of its mixture of equality and prosperity, has become of more interest to conservatives who take pleasure in painting it as a terrifying example of welfarism gone wild.

The signs of trouble, though, are mostly invisible. Stockholm looks as resplendent as ever. The streets are clean, the parks are well kept, and on summer days young Swedes go windsurfing less than a mile from the city center without fear of contracting some dread disease from the water. There is a fair amount of new construction, and the fifteen-year process of downtown redevelopment is finally complete. Young people stroll about wired up with Sony Walkmen, just as on the streets of New York, and Swedes have the world's highest rate of ownership of videocassette recorders. (This is a massive vote of no confidence in Swedish television, whose two channels run excessive numbers of East German films and other didactic offerings.) First-time American visitors are still impressed by the little ways a Swedish city accommodates people: the tracks alongside stairways that allow a parent to push a baby carriage up or down the stairs, the staccato sound that coincides with green lights at crosswalks to help blind people cross the street, the fantastical art that adorns subway stations. Nor is there any great air of crisis in the newspapers. The kind of perpetual anxiety about the ups and downs of interest rates or the consumer price index that one sees in the American media is wholly absent here.

Why does Stockholm seem so relaxed when there is indeed a crisis? For one thing, despite all of Sweden's economic problems, the national unemployment rate, about 3 percent, is still amazingly low by the standards of the rest of the world. (This has been achieved by putting lots of people on public works jobs and retraining, as well as through subsidies that have kept employment in sick industries above the level it would be otherwise.) And the effects of Sweden's economic problems have fallen hardest on relatively small groups—workers in the crisis industries, particularly steelworkers in one-factory towns, and young people

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entering the labor market for the first time. The enormous budget deficits, now running at about $1,500 per Swede, have allowed Swedes to live beyond their means. Specifically, they have allowed both continuation of the country's ample social insurance benefits—such as the eight months of paid parenthood leave—and the expenditure of large sums of money to prop up floundering segments of the economy. (All this has been done, incidentally, by the Center Party-Liberal-Conservative coalition that has been in power since 1976, when forty-four years of continuous Social Democratic rule came to an end.) Yet the money that has been borrowed abroad will have to be paid back, and the interest on the foreign debt alone ensures that the 1980s cannot possibly be a decade of increased overall standards of living.

EVEN MORE IMPORTANT is Sweden's sluggish transition from declining industries to new ones. Sweden's basic economic problems are not too different from America's. Both have big industrial sectors (autos and steel in the United States; shipbuilding, iron mining, and steel in Sweden) that have lost their competitive edge, probably for good. The health of both countries' economies in the coming years will depend upon the extent to which they develop new industries to replace the declining ones. The American economy seems to be doing a better job of this. In computers, semiconductors, microprocessors, office automation, and data communication, the U.S. leads the world, and it is a significant presence in fiber optics, robotics, medical equipment, pharmaceuticals, and telecommunications. Sweden's presence in such areas is much less impressive.

To be sure, the Swedes have taken a few promising steps. Ericsson, the telecommunications giant, made a major international success of its AXE telephone system, introduced during the 1970s, and the firm is moving into office automation and data communications. ASEA, the big Swedish electrical machinery company, produces high-quality industrial robots. Sweden has a number of well-regarded pharmaceutical firms. SAAB has opportunities in an expected growth market for medium-size aircraft. And Volvo has apparently managed a successful jump from the economy-car to the luxury-car market. Despite the auto sales slump in the United States—a larger market for Volvo than Sweden itself—Americans are buying more Volvos than ever before. Volvo is now the largest-selling European-made car in the United States.

But Sweden's presence in computers and semiconductors is negligible, and in the medical equipment market it is surprisingly weak, considering the country's advanced health care system. Equally troubling are the *types* of firms that represent Sweden's entries in the industries of the future. Sweden's presence in high technology comes almost exclusively from large, established firms have been around since World War II. There are no Swedish equivalents of recently founded American companies like Wang Labs, Data General, or Hewlett-Packard, which are already part of the Fortune 500. Sweden's dearth of the kind of new high-technology ventures that inhabit Silicon Valley in California and Route 128 in Massachusetts is a bad sign for the country's long-term future.

Furthermore, unlike Sweden's problems in traditional industries, which cannot plausibly be attributed to the welfare-state policies of the last generation, Sweden's looming high-technology crisis does in fact seem to be related to the political and social system. Swedes are hard workers, and it would take more than a welfare state to make them indolent. But when marginal tax rates hit 85 percent at an income level of about $30,000 a year, risky new business ventures—particularly in high-technology fields where the chance of failure is very high—are bound to be discouraged. In addition, entrepreneurs, even Swedish ones, like to run the businesses they start, and it is just such people who are most likely to be cramped by having to share decision-making power with local unions, as Swedish law now increasingly requires. Finally, in a cultural milieu dominated for so many years by the left, there is little room for the entrepreneur as cultural hero. It's hard to imagine a Swedish equivalent of Steven Jobs (a founder of Apple Computer) being featured on the cover of *7 Dagar (Seven Days)*, the Swedish equivalent of *Time*. Not even Swedish conservatives show much interest in new ventures as an important part of a strategy to deal with Sweden's economic crisis, and among Social Democrats the focus is almost completely on big business—a sort of Sweden Inc. of big firms and government.

IT IS IN LIGHT of these considerations, among others, that one ought to think about the debate over *löntagarfonder*, or "wage-earner funds," which is one of the main issues in the Swedish general election set for September 19. The proposal for wage-earner funds was a product of the early 1970s, when Sweden's economy was in fine shape. In the unions and the Social Democratic Party the demand was for the culmination of political democracy and social democracy in what was then called "the third stage"—economic democracy. Wage-earner funds were to be the Swedish way to socialism. Companies would be required to take a portion of their profits and turn them over, in the form of new issues of company stock, to a union-controlled fund that would gradually achieve control over all the major corporations in the land.

The wage-earner fund proposal was a political loser for the Social Democrats from the start. Denounced by the nonsocialist parties during the 1976 election campaign as a threat to the market economy and to pluralism, it helped cost the Social Democrats the election. Despite years of Social Democratic attempts to explain

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and justify the proposal, it remains massively unpopular; in one recent opinion poll, only 7 percent of Swedes supported the idea. Because the Social Democrats are in opposition at a time of economic difficulties, they would normally be considered a shoo-in for the September elections, and they are still rated as slight favorites. But everyone (including the Social Democrats themselves) agrees that the wage-earner fund issue could lose this election for them as well.

The Social Democrats have reacted to the unpopularity of their proposal by making constant revisions in it. In the current version, a small percentage of every company's wage bill will go into twenty-four provincial funds that will buy company shares on the open market or will negotiate with companies for new stock issues that the funds will purchase. When the plan was first proposed, it was proudly pitched as a means for the radical transformation of Swedish society; the trade union federation's newspaper announced in a headline, THIS IS HOW WE'LL TAKE OVER. Now the Social Democrats—in what the nonsocialists sarcastically refer to as the "harmlessness campaign"—take every occasion to emphasize that wage-earner funds really don't imply much change in Swedish society at all. They will, it is argued, simply provide capital for industrial expansion and, by making the unions happy, allow for moderation in wage negotiations.

WHETHER OR NOT the strategy for industrial renewal embodied in wage-earner funds can work is unclear. There is reason for skepticism that union officials or their designees will make good judgments about what technologies to bet on; they are no more expert about such things than inventors are expert about the grievances of workers on the shop floor. Furthermore, the decision to have the wage-earner funds decentralized, which the Social Democrats made in response to criticism that the funds would bring about an unacceptable concentration of power in a central organization, is a recipe for propping up dying industries. The regional funds are likely to put their money into saving jobs in their own regions. Finally, wage-earner funds are yet another way to discourage new start-ups and small firms. Since only about 250 companies are traded on the Swedish stock exchange, where the funds would do their share-buying, money would be taken out of existing small firms and put into large ones. And an entrepreneur thinking about starting up a company will see that, if he should become spectacularly successful, his future includes a gradual takeover of the shares of his company by the wage-earner funds.

The ruling center-right coalition is trying to make the funds into the main issue in the campaign. *Svenska Dagbladet*, the conservative morning newspaper, runs an editorial on some aspect of wage-earner funds nearly every day. The employers' federation, breaking with tradition, has conducted a $15-million antifund political campaign, using ads, mailings, and efforts to reach people through local opinion leaders. Eyebrows were raised when the employers' federation brought in an American political consulting firm to help them lay out their strategy. The suggestion that wage-earner funds would lead to an East European-style political and economic system ("a Swedish Poland") is deeply resented by the Social Democrats, who point to their long record of defending for democracy.

SWEDEN CLEARLY NEEDS some budget austerity to allow room for tax cuts. As the newspaper *Expressen* has noted, it is one thing to attack Ronald Reagan's wild tax and spending cuts in the United States, where only about one-third of the GNP is in the public sector, and quite another to call for some cutbacks and tax-cutting in Sweden, where the proportion is over two-thirds. A far more convincing case can be made in Sweden than in the United States that marginal tax rates are creating severe disincentive problems.

There is now a strong strain in Swedish social democracy that recognizes the need for austerity. And just as only Richard Nixon could go to China, only the Social Democrats have the political standing to bring off an austerity program. (In opposition, unfortunately, they have tended to denounce every minor cutback as a threat to the very foundations of the welfare state.) Furthermore, union and business people are increasingly saying that the atmosphere of labor-management confrontation has been particularly bad under the nonsocialist government, and that this has damaged Sweden severely. One senses an almost desperate longing to return to the days of labor-management harmony that these leaders associate with the period of Swedish prosperity. The key to any such optimistic scenario, though, would be the ability of the Social Democrats to rid themselves of the wage-earner fund millstone. And party leaders already have begun saying that "of course" a reform of this magnitude could not possibly be introduced without industry acquiescence.

The real challenge to Sweden's next government will be to see whether it is possible, through judicious and moderate changes in policy, to encourage entrepreneurship in the industries of the future, while still preserving strong trade unionism and the basic features of the welfare state. Tax policies aimed at easing the lot of small business should be a high priority. The aspects of Swedish society that liberals admire—the social policies that have eliminated poverty and brought the average Swede a high standard of living, the enduring commitment to full employment, the concern for the elderly and the handicapped—are admirable indeed. Given the many attractive features of the social system the Swedes developed during the last generation, it would be a shame if the Swedish polity were unable to meet the challenge.

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Why isn't the public angrier about joblessness?

THE POLITICS OF UNEMPLOYMENT

BY SAR A. LEVITAN AND CLIFFORD M. JOHNSON

A GENERATION AGO, when American confidence and prosperity were rising, politicians and voters reacted sharply to unemployment. With memories of bread lines still fresh, fears of a return to the Great Depression would be carried quickly to the polls, even to the streets. The federal government would respond.

As Americans celebrate their 101st Labor Day, the pattern is strikingly different. The record levels of joblessness in 1982 have aroused only a feeble response, characterized more by resignation than by outrage and defiance. The politics of unemployment in America have changed. If joblessness affects voting as much as it did in prior decades, the nation's political leaders are not aware of it. Before there can be a serious effort to reduce joblessness, we must examine why we have come to tolerate it.

Almost one out of every ten working-age Americans is currently without a job. During the past year, no major group or region has been spared. The unemployment rate for males in the labor force has surpassed that for females, and the incidence of joblessness among skilled blue-collar workers has more than doubled since 1979. Even high-growth regions in the Sun Belt have felt the recession and watched their unemployment rates climb.

Of course, other segments of the labor force have fared far worse. Blacks are more than twice as likely to be unemployed as whites, and teenagers nearly three times as likely as adults. The most disadvantaged suffer tremendously—only one of every six black youths had a job in July, 1982, compared with half of white teenagers. Unemployment in the construction industry now exceeds 20 percent, and blue-collar workers are three times more likely to be without jobs than their white-collar counterparts. Areas heavily dependent upon manufacturing face jobless rates far above the national average. In Michigan, Illinois, and Ohio, the industrial heartland of the nation, one out of eight workers has been forced into idleness.

By any measure, the U.S. labor market is in the worst shape since the Great Depression. In addition to the 10.8 million Americans officially counted as unemployed, another 1.5 million want jobs but have given up looking for work and are excluded from the official count. Furthermore, a record 5.5 million workers seeking full-time employment have been forced to settle for part-time jobs. An unemployment total encompassing all these groups would have shown a staggering full-time job deficit of 15 million in July.

The nation faced a serious unemployment problem before Ronald Reagan was inaugurated. In January 1981, the jobless rate stood at 7.4 percent, well above any notion of full employment. Yet the responsibility for the sharp rise in unemployment during the past eighteen months must be laid at the door of the White House. Thanks to the Federal Reserve Board's misguided monetary policy and the Administration's mismanagement of the economy, the seasonally adjusted unemployment rate jumped to 8.5 percent in January 1982 and then to 9.8 percent six months later, leaving some 2.8 million *additional* Americans without work.

Over the past three years, ill-timed fiscal policy and the blunt instrument of tight monetary policy have precipitated two successive recessions. President Reagan's spending reductions have proven counterproductive, turning taxpayers into relief recipients and boosting federal deficits by roughly $25 billion for each one percent rise in unemployment. The much-heralded tax cuts, designed to provide incentives for savings and investment, have not borne fruit. The Federal Reserve Board's slow-growth monetary policies, tacitly endorsed by the Administration, have reduced inflation, but some portion of the drop in the Consumer Price Index would have occurred anyway with price declines in energy and agriculture. Compared with the sacrifices it imposes, the costs of Reagan's policy looms frighteningly high.

With its willingness to lower inflation by precipitating unemployment, the Administration has translated the *marginal* income losses that rising prices impose on all Americans into *complete* losses of earned income for those placed out of work. This polarizing effect of Reaganomics is heightened by its massive redistribution of wealth from the least to the most fortunate. During the first year of Reagan's economic "reforms,"

Sar A. Levitan is the director of George Washington University's Center for Policy Studies. Clifford M. Johnson is a research associate at the center.

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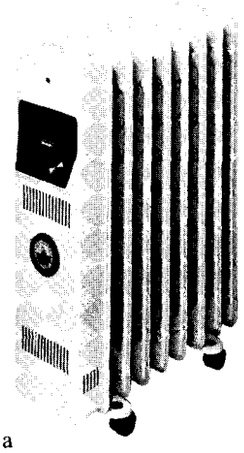
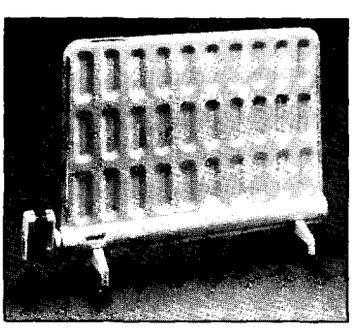
Staying ahead of the winter heating game doesn't necessarily mean you have to give in to discomfort or ridiculous layers of clothing. The key is efficiency. Here are five products designed to make your home more energy efficient and they should save you a few dollars in the process. For starters we recommend *Stop Burning Your Money: The Intelligent Homeowner's Guide to Household Energy Savings* by John Rothchild. This book in itself is one of the most cost-effective energy investments you can make. **$15.50** ($3.00) #A509.

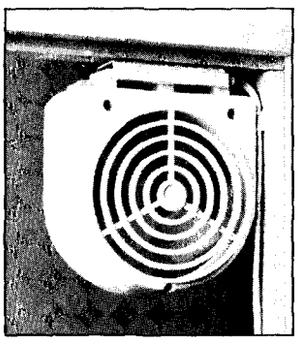
Heat Where You Need It



We've tried many different space heaters in search of the best combination of safety, economy and heating efficiency. The two portable oil-filled radiators presented here won our favor for many reasons, especially safety. There are no exposed flames, they do not get overly hot (making them suitable even for a child's room), and they emit no fumes or odors. They are filled with a special oil that heats up quickly, cools down slowly and never needs replacing. Both styles have easy roll wheels for room-to-room portability and a built-in thermostat that responds to changing room temperatures. When functioning as a supplement to your central heating system these European-made heaters can make your home more comfortable and much more energy efficient. The **DeLonghi** heater, shown above, has a feature not common to most space heaters—*an automatic timer. You can program it to go on and off in 15 minute intervals day or night.* For example, set it to go off a few minutes before you wake in the morning so your bathroom or bedroom has started to warm before you get up! This unit has three heat settings (600w, 900w, 1,500w) and provides a maximum of 5,100 BTUs. The DeLonghi comes in a neutral oyster color, weighs 38 lbs and is UL listed. This model with automatic timer is *not generally available in retail stores* and costs **$150.00** ($12.95) #A485. An identical model without the timer costs **$140.00** ($12.95) #A487. The **Dimplex** panel radiator, shown on left, offers an unusual, yet attractive contemporary design. The large heating surface of the panel provides an ideal balance of half radiant and half convected heat—no energy is wasted. The unit draws a maximum of 750 watts and produces 2559 BTUs. It's 31½" long x 23½" high and comes in two colors: bronze #A563 or white #A562. The Dimplex radiators cost **$150.00** ($12.95) each.

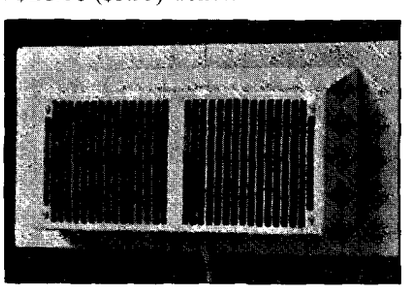


Fan For All Seasons



Have you ever noticed how one room can be chilly while the very next room tends to be warm? You don't have to put up with such discomfort once you've installed the Con-Serv room-to-room temperature balancing fan. This little fan mounts high in the frame of a doorway (it tucks unobtrusively on the outer side so the door can be closed) and directs and balances the air flow. Since warm air tends to rise to the ceiling, it makes good sense to have a fan up there. And since it's reversible you can use it all year-round . . . recirculating the warm air down into the room during the winter months, moving cool air-conditioned air more efficiently in summertime. It can actually help save quite a few dollars on the costs of heating and cooling as you stay comfortable without having to adjust the thermostat. The Con-Serv temperature balancing fan has a 110-volt motor with a 10-foot cord and an in-line switch. It's quite easy to mount and comes with a mounting bracket, screws, clips and complete instructions. It weighs a mere 2 lb. 3 oz. and measures 5½" x 5" x 3½". **$28.00** ($3.95) #A397.

Register Fan And Sealers



Every hot air heating system has at least one or two. Cold spots, that is—places that for some reason never quite get up to temperature. Often it is the rooms furthest from the furnace, an unusually large room, or rooms in a later addition. This booster fan (actually it is two small 4" fans running together) fits right in the register outlet, sucks heat up the duct and pushes it out into the room. A heat sensor in the switch turns the fan on automatically as the heat comes up (there is also a manual control, which means you can use it in the summer to move the cool air off the floor and up into the room). The fan fits all registers up to 6"x14" and plugs into any electrical outlet. It comes with 9' of cord. The register fans cost **$40.00** ($3.95) #A536.

Magnetic Register Sealers prevent loss of warm or cool air through unused outlets. Sealer kits require a ruler and scissors to install initially, after that they can be removed or replaced in a moment. Material for three 6"x14" register covers costs **$12.00** ($1.95) #A539.

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the 5 percent of American households with the highest annual incomes enjoyed a net *gain* of $9 billion, while those with incomes below the national median suffered a net *loss* of twice that amount. The Reagan philosophy has the effect of pitting the employed against the unemployed and disadvantaged, portraying joblessness as inevitable.

Any response to today's record unemployment must begin with a reversal of the excesses of Reaganomics. But even a total abandonment of the Reagan economic program would not by itself redress the pattern of creeping unemployment that has emerged over the past decade. While the Reagan debacle has led to crisis levels of joblessness, employment prospects in the United States have been steadily eroding since the late 1960s, under both Republican and Democratic Administrations.

EVIDENCE of a gradual, long-term rise in unemployment is unmistakable. Each of the last four recessions has left a higher level of joblessness in its wake. While the unemployment rate dropped below 4 percent in the late 1960s, it barely dipped below 5 percent after the 1970-1971 recession. The lowest jobless rate achieved following the 1974-1975 recession was just under 6 percent, and the aborted recovery from the 1980 recession left it above 7 percent. The Administration's own projections now concede that unemployment will not approach 7 percent for another three years, and less partisan analysts forecast rates of 8 percent and higher into 1985.

This persistent rise in the unemployment rate has occurred in spite of the economy's ability to generate large numbers of new jobs. The nation gained an impressive 19 million jobs during the 1970s; even since 1978, when the economy presumably ground to a halt, the total number of employed Americans has grown by nearly 4 million. Compared to the way other Western industrial countries adjusted to the shock of OPEC oil price hikes in 1973 and 1979, the U.S. economy was remarkably resilient. Nevertheless, the expansion of employment has not been enough to keep pace with the influx of would-be workers into the labor force.

The pattern of creeping unemployment has emerged because the American labor force grew rapidly during a decade in which gains in productivity and national income were slowing down. The number of women in the labor force has jumped from 35 million in 1973 to 48 million this year, and two out of three newcomers to the work force during this period have been female. Despite longer periods of formal schooling, larger proportions of teenagers have also joined the labor force to compete with their parents and older siblings for scarce jobs: the number of 16- to 24-year-olds working or seeking work grew from 21 million to 26 million between 1973 and 1982. In addition, an unknown number of undocumented aliens have sought work in the United States. Overall, the U.S. labor force swelled by 22 million during this period—an increase of 23 percent—while the gross national product expanded by only 18 percent.

Given the downward rigidity of wage levels, there has been no way to carve additional salaries and wages out of an economic pie that is barely growing. Just the opposite has happened: the employed have partially shielded their standard of living by allowing unemployment to rise, thus preventing a more equitable division of national income. Yet despite the increase in joblessness since 1973, the purchasing power of average hourly earnings in private nonfarm employment has fallen by 9 percent, a sharp contrast to the 16 percent increase from 1964 to 1973. In the absence of an effective means for allocating losses of real income more equitably, a portion of the costs of rampant inflation and a stagnant economy has been absorbed by putting more Americans out of work.

The decade-long decline in real earnings is partly responsible for the altered tone of political responses to unemployment. Confidence in a steadily rising standard of living among workers was the key to past efforts to aid the unemployed, because it allowed the employed majority to believe that employment programs were both affordable and aimed at mitigating the greatest threat to general prosperity. That confidence was shattered by slow economic growth and high inflation. As a result, fighting joblessness is seen both as too expensive and as less urgent.

IN THE ERA of prosperity after World War II, the nation repeatedly sought ways to combat joblessness. Under Truman, Kennedy, Johnson, and Nixon, an array of economic, manpower, and training programs were launched to stimulate economic growth and to help the unskilled compete for jobs. All these efforts to put Americans to work reflected an underlying belief that public policy could facilitate employment growth. The political reactions to subsequent peaks in unemployment have been much more muted. Seven years ago, Gerald Ford reluctantly sought an extension and expansion of unemployment insurance, and today Ronald Reagan appears finally ready to acquiesce to a more limited extension of these income transfers. But this is his sole concession to record joblessness. The Administration has categorically rejected any attempt to create jobs or to remove structural barriers in the labor market, promising that by and by the free market will correct all economic ills.

What has been lost is the confidence that we can afford to help the unemployed. Before the Administration reversed itself on extending unemployment benefits, one of its spokesmen argued against the idea as "inequitable, ill-timed, and costly," prompting Senator Russell Long of Louisiana to remark that the Reagan team had outdone Marie Antoinette by adopting the philosophy, "Don't let them eat anything if it's going to cost money." More telling is the complete

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Looking Back at Watergate

Ten years ago, strange phrases began creeping into our national vocabulary: stonewalling, deep six, limited hangout, the Big Enchilada. These phrases and others, like expletive deleted and smoking gun, came to be covered by the umbrella term of Watergate.

We look at Watergate now that ten years have passed partly because we believe with Aeschylus that time teaches many lessons, and partly because we recall Santayana's dictum that those who cannot remember the past are condemned to repeat it. Yet Santayana was only half right. Remembering what happened is not enough. We also need to know *why*.

In this tenth anniversary year of Watergate many people remember that the system worked the way the founding fathers intended. But we knew that at the time. Indeed, right after one president resigned, the new president announced: "Our long national nightmare is over. Our Constitution works."

Yes, it worked. But why?

Certainly the courts, the congressional committees, and the special prosecutor were important. But none of them would have been effective if they were not supported by the people.

When the Supreme Court ruled in favor of turning over Oval Office tape recordings, the President was forced to comply because the people demanded it. Another president, Andrew Jackson, successfully ignored a Supreme Court decision against his plan to move American Indians west of the Mississippi. "Justice Marshall made his decision," Jackson thundered. "Now let him enforce it." Jackson succeeded because he had public backing. During Watergate the people backed the courts.

The people supported gavel-to-gavel TV coverage of the Senate Watergate hearings because of their desire to know for themselves what happened. Support was so great that the hearings received better ratings than the soap operas they pushed off the air.

The House impeachment committee announced it would not go to court to enforce its subpoena of Watergate tapes. The subpoena could have been ignored. It wasn't because the people supported the committee.

When the Watergate special prosecutor was fired and his office abolished, it was public protest that forced the office to be reopened and a new special prosecutor appointed. The new prosecutor had no statutory tenure. He could have been fired as well. He wasn't because the people would not have stood for it.

Had the people viewed the actions of the courts, Congress, or the special prosecutor as unfair or unwise, the President could have ignored those actions. The people would have supported him. The people judged otherwise and the system worked.

A decade's passage of time has prompted many to write where-are-they-now stories about those who took part in the Watergate drama. But Watergate a decade later is not about them. It's about all of us as Americans. And what we learn from Watergate tells us more about ourselves than about our system. Watergate teaches us that only an informed, interested citizenry can ensure that the system works. It's a lesson we never can learn too well.

UNITED TECHNOLOGIES

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A Labor Day Program

At a recent press conference, President Reagan faced a prime-time television audience without having to answer a single question about the most important domestic issue: unemployment. What an ugly insult to the 10.5 million Americans officially counted as unemployed and looking for work and what a remarkable sign of the Administration's success in diverting attention from the disastrous effects of its economic policies on the labor force, the basic economic strength of the country.

Within weeks of Reagan's inauguration in 1981, the AFL-CIO presented a program to put America back to work. But Congress was so dazzled by the promises of supply-side economics that it gave the White House nearly everything it asked for. By the beginning of 1982, when the AFL-CIO presented a revised alternative to Reaganomics, every prediction we had made about the impact of the President's program had come true, and then some.

We have the highest unemployment since the Great Depression, and it's still rising. Bankruptcies are sweeping through banking, manufacturing, small business, and farming. This grim scene is accented by record-high federal deficits caused by the Administration's zeal to please a narrow segment of rich individuals, speculative investors, and big business with the gigantic tax giveaways of 1981. Bizarrely, to divert attention from those deficits, the Administration now supports the harebrained notion of a balanced budget amendment. This has all the solemn credibility of a temperance lecture by W. C. Fields.

National policy must be turned around to make full employment the goal. Proven remedies must be put into place to create jobs. This, of course, is a call for a return to a principle that all modern Presidents have agreed on: that the country must never be pushed into a recession to purge inflation. The Reagan Administration, by contrast, sees recession as a necessary tonic to discipline what it considers a group of greedy workers.

We propose the stimulation of demand through renewed government investment in public works and economic infrastructure. One need only visit one of our older cities to see the need for road, bridge, and sewer construction. The public transportation system continues to cry for further investment, and the demand for affordable housing far exceeds the supply. These are all national concerns that the federal government must share with the cities and states. By shucking off responsibility for setting national policies in these areas, Reagan sets region against region and deepens the pools of depression that threaten the older cities.

National standards must also be restored to social welfare programs. Nothing has so clearly summed up the shortsighted view of this Administration than its decision to end the welfare program that encouraged clients to find work without losing their benefits. And the slashes in unemployment compensation programs must be rescinded so the long-term jobless won't be thrown on the overloaded relief rolls for the poor.

The Administration permitted one vital piece of legislation to die on June 30—the law that gave the President and Federal Reserve authority to allocate credit in times of shortage. With the federal government crowding other legitimate borrowers out of the market, a program of curtailing loans to speculators and merger-mad businesses would take great pressure off the financial system. By encouraging only productive and necessary loans, and by loosening its control on the money supply, the Federal Reserve could start a steady downward curve for interest rates.

The Administration could encourage the same trend by taking back the most profligate of last year's tax giveaways and by putting a cap on the next stage of income tax reductions for 1983. The income tax cuts are too small to stimulate consumer demand, but too big for the government's budgetary health. We have asked for a limit of $700 on the next stage of the tax cut, a move that would hit only about 5 percent of all taxpayers—those above the $50,000-income level. We have always supported a strong defense, and we still do. But we also want the defense budget analyzed more carefully than ever before. We believe that any increase in military spending should be financed by specific taxation, shared by all.

High interest rates, of course, are the single most important cause of the recession, and the hardest hit industries are those sensitive to the high cost of money. Our program would be neutral in budgetary terms, and it would start the country back toward its goal of full employment. As the jobless rate dropped, the budget deficit would also fall, bringing with it a decline in interest rates. Since each percent of unemployment represents a loss of $100 billion worth of goods and services, a return to full employment would vastly expand economic growth.

We believe that the American economy needs a new age of heavy investment, and we are alarmed about the long-term damage of the Reagan recession to the fundamental manufacturing sector. In the dying days of the Carter Administration, the AFL-CIO committed itself to a national accord which called for rebuilding the industrial base through a modern Reconstruction Finance Corporation. We cannot carry out that commitment alone. So far, neither the Administration nor the major corporations have taken serious steps toward a coherent policy of reindustrialization.

It is worth rereading the terms of the Humphrey-Hawkins Act. It established a national commitment to reduce unemployment to the theoretical full employment level (4 percent) by 1983. We take that commitment seriously, and we regularly remind the President and Congress of their duty to live up to it. Sooner or later the country will wake up from the trance brought on by the heavy doses of voodoo economic theory. Then we can begin to take practical steps toward putting people back to work and returning America to the kind of prosperity our economy is capable of achieving.

Lane Kirkland

Lane Kirkland is president of the AFL-CIO.

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absence of an Administration program for putting Americans back to work. The unemployed are to wait for the jobs that supply-side economics, sooner or later, will generate.

Meanwhile, the Administration is abetting public insensitivity to joblessness by undermining the nation's belief that it can afford to help out. Cyclical downturns in prior decades, even when they slowed the growth of real earnings, were met with an optimistic faith in continuing prosperity. Double-digit inflation and interest rates, coupled with pronouncements by President Reagan that the economy was in "the worst mess ever," have undermined that optimism in the 1980s. In its place, the public harbors gloomy fears of further deterioration. The result is a politics of retrenchment that has overshadowed the politics of unemployment. Conservatives have preyed upon public pessimism and successfully linked economic decay with a large and intrusive federal establishment. Rather than reaching out to aid the jobless, Americans are being encouraged to pull back, to protect their past gains, and to seek new stability while hoping that unemployment will not touch their lives.

The most lasting legacy of the Reagan Administration may lie not in its mismanagement of the economy, but in its pernicious efforts to destroy public faith in the compatibility of prosperity and compassionate social policy. By ridiculing social programs and portraying federal spending as the source of the nation's ills, President Reagan has propagated the myth that public action exacerbates rather than alleviates economic problems. These ideological attacks on the efficacy of government encourage a "them-or-us" philosophy that undermines broad support for any effective response to unemployment. The willingness to battle unemployment was always rooted in fear, but it was also grounded in the belief that collective action could shape a better—even a great—society. In the 1980s, that confidence has been lost, and the employed are less inclined to rescue the jobless. They are too busy crafting lifeboats of their own.

JOB CREATION and training are essential to reduce today's tragic level of unemployment and to reverse the long-term pattern of creeping unemployment. But the process of renewal must begin with a more basic reassertion of belief in public action. Until liberals are willing to stand up in defense of government, there will be no solution to the unemployment problem.

President Reagan's view of the world has left his Administration trapped in one of the fundamental contradictions of modern conservative thought. On the one hand, conservatives place great emphasis on the work ethic. On the other hand, their market ideology makes it impossible for them to understand that in the absence of government intervention the economy is unable to provide jobs for millions who seek work. That is why, in spite of their belief in work, conservatives are increasingly forced to turn their backs on those who, through no fault of their own, have no work. They thus risk creating a permanent underclass.

The retrenchment implicit in the attack on government has already brought forth a bitter harvest. The number of poor people in the United States, which had fallen steadily since the Great Society to a low of 24.5 million in 1978, climbed back up to 32 million last year and continues to rise. Further, while the availability of income transfers has broken the iron link between unemployment and deprivation, a growing number of jobless Americans still suffer economic hardship. A forthcoming study by Robert Taggart, prepared for the George Washington University's Center for Social Policy Studies, has found that a larger share of the unemployed lived in poverty in 1980 than in 1975 and that the working poor suffered an even greater increase in hardship as a result of the declining real value of income transfers during this period. The social and psychological consequences of unemployment are more difficult to quantify. But there is no doubt that joblessness places a heavy burden on the stability and self-esteem of the unemployed in our work-oriented society.

WHEN the American people return, as they must, to a belief in affirmative government, there will be much damage to be undone. Liberals have a wealth of experience from which to glean the components of an effective federal employment policy. The much-maligned CETA program, in spite of constant political interference, provided many lessons about effective training and job creation. The carefully designed experiments funded under the Youth Employment and Development Projects Act of 1977 offer extensive guidance on the special employment needs of youth. There is no shortage of ideas.

It is not necessary for liberals to defend all of the old approaches of the past two decades. It is essential, though, to reaffirm the successes of social programs in reducing deprivation and opening opportunities to the excluded. Federal initiatives to alleviate social ills have not failed, they have merely produced mixed results—as have federal efforts to control disease and to develop improved weapons systems. A federal role in employment, as in health and defense, should not be abandoned because the task is difficult.

Confronted with the plight of the unemployed, the Reagan Administration's only response is to plead poverty and promise better times. And this Administration is indeed impoverished—in spirit, and, having eroded its tax base, in resources as well. With adoption of humane and economically sound priorities for public policy, the necessary funds will be found. Amidst tax breaks for the wealthy and rising budgets for defense, the United States does not lack the potential to put its people back to work. All that is lacking is the will to do so.

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STANLEY KAUFFMANN ON FILMS

Variations on Two Themes

Tempest
(Columbia Pictures)

The Nest
(Quartet Films)

I've seen photos of a tiny bird that lives on the back of (I think) the hippopotamus, scavenging whatever the great creature feeds on. The American filmmaker Paul Mazursky reminds me of that bird. For a while he foraged on Fellini with *Bob and Carol and Ted and Alice* and *Alex in Wonderland*, then on Truffaut with *Willie and Phil*; now, with *Tempest*, it's Antonioni's turn. Mazursky has even made his protagonist a successful architect sick of success, as in *L'Avventura*. That's not enough for our Mazursky: he underpins his pillage by pretending that his new picture has some kind of thematic or structural source in Shakespeare's play, although he leaves off the "The" in Shakespeare's title, presumably so that, no matter how swept up we are by his film, we won't confuse it with Shakespeare.

There is no affront in the picture to Shakespeare. Mazursky and his script collaborator, Leon Capetanos, have only snitched a few details from the play: an island, a daughter named Miranda, a young lover for her named Freddy (Ferdinand), a comic named Trinc (Trinculo), a shepherd on the island—in the Greek archipelago—called Kalibanos, who leches after Miranda. And from time to time, Mazursky's architect Prospero, who has fled posh Manhattan for this island, looks at the sky and says, "Show me the magic." The heavens apparently flare and thunder in response, but why, and in what relation to the architect's mind and life, the film saith not.

The affront to Antonioni does exist, slightly. Mazursky can't begin to muck up Shakespeare, really, but he can just faintly cheapen what Antonioni—and other fine artists in several arts—have been doing in the years since World War II on the subject of disaffection and teleological uncertainty. No one who saw a good performance of Shakespeare's play after Mazursky's *Tempest* would be anything more than amused by memory of the film, but to see Antonioni again after Mazursky means getting the taste of the dollar muscatel out of your mouth so that you can taste the chateau wine.

The biggest affront is to us. Mazursky assumes that we will see/hear a series of signs and will respond like seals to fish. As soon as a character starts to complain about the hollowness of success, the meaninglessness of modern life, the mockery of money, we're supposed to react the way a studio audience does to an applause sign. Not one millimeter of what's supposed to be troubling the hero is affectingly *generated* for us; it's all just assumed, as is our response. If he suddenly bursts into a tirade enumerating everything in his life as boring—what's more, "fucking boring," just to prove that it's grave—how can we doubt that this agonist is our brother in despair?

Further, like every hack let loose, Mazursky thinks that looseness is the antidote to being a hack. He includes long sequences that are mere wanderings and excursions, presumably to enrich texture—baggage as credentials. The hero's wife is or was an actress, and tedious sequences about her possible return to the theater are spliced in. She and her producer (played by Mazursky) and his wife and friends are celebrating in her apartment when, in the tritest of scenes, the husband returns, explodes, and throws out the guests. This is only one of the sequences that burden a picture freighted with gas tanks anyway.

The hero flees his wife and his Manhattan practice and finds a small Aegean island. There he hides with a footloose American cabaret singer—he picked her up in Athens—and his teenage daughter. The only other inhabitant is a shepherd. Eventually the architect is found by his wife and his racketeer employer, whose son is the Ferdinand for the architect's Miranda. (Talk about meeting cute. This young pair meet far under the surface of the sea, while swimming.) Then, after a gavotte of demurrals, the architect returns to New York and riches. His initial agony and his concluding reconciliation are equally vaporous.

One sequence has a touch of maniacal charm, when the shepherd, Kalibanos, plays "New York, New York" on his clarinet to his cavorting goats. And the performance of the role by Raul Julia has some humorous charm, too, though why this young man is off by himself on an island is not clear. Susan Sarandon, the cabaret singer, is always appealing. Gena Rowlands, the architect's wife, is almost always not. John Cassavetes, the architect, gave a fine performance in *Mikey and Nicky* as the fear-crazed numbers man. Even here he has some authority, though the sympathy that the role needs he cannot quite evoke (and it's not all his fault). The chief defect in his acting here is that it's unmodulated: Cassavetes plays trifling irritations with the same intensity as major crises. It makes him too much of an actor and not enough of a man.

But it's the script that's the basic, insu-

FILMS WORTH SEEING

Birgit Haas Must be Killed. Philippe Noiret and Jean Rochefort are substantial in this far-above-average political thriller about French agents trapping a German terrorist in Germany.

E. T., The Extra-Terrestrial. Heard of it? Much of the good that you've heard is true.

The Judge and the Assassin. A French mountain town, 1893. Bertrand Tavernier's splendid film about a politically ambitious magistrate and a mad mass killer. Wonderful in virtually every way.

A Midsummer Night's Sex Comedy. O.K. Woody Allen's turn-of-the-century country-weekend plot meanders painlessly and sometimes amusingly.

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perable disaster. Deeper than did ever plummet sound, I'd drown that book. The one cause for congratulation in the film is Mazursky's choice of cinematographer. Don McAlpine is the Australian who showed, in *My Brilliant Career* and *Breaker Morant*, that he is of world rank. He confirms it here. Mazursky uses the device of having his cast come out for "curtain calls" at the end, but no McAlpine—the one I wanted most to applaud.

BECAUSE OF New York's superlative subway service, I missed the first two minutes of *The Nest*, which turned out to be a mixed blessing in disguise. I read later that the opening shot of this Spanish film is a riderless white horse galloping across the landscape. Readers possibly recall that I try to leave films that begin with riderless white horses, so I missed an immediate reason for leaving, though I did see the return of the riderless white horse at the end. (Typical of the film's heavy symbolical patterns, that circle.) If I had left at the beginning, I'd have missed damned little. Oh, those subways.

The Nest is one more reworking of an idea that was not new when it was last used—in the immensely superior French film *La Femme Enfant* (TNR, June 23). The distributor of the latter had earlier decided to delay release for six months or so, but *The Nest* is not going to fill the gap, it may even delay the better film longer. *The Nest* is one more story of sexless but devoted love between a grown man and a very young girl, in this case a man of about sixty and a girl of thirteen. He's a wealthy widower, she's the daughter of a village policeman. She goes after him by teasing him on his rides through the woods with a series of clues that lead the disconsolate widower to the clever, imaginative, imperious child.

From then on, as it always is in this situation, it's just a question of how the script is going to get out of this fix. It ends tragically, as does *La Femme Enfant*, but in every respect, in every moment, the French film is very much more moving than this one. Further, the Spanish "version" is padded with platitude: the tyrannical old maidservant who fusses over her employer, the scenes between the widower (an atheist) and his best friend (the village priest) that come from the dusty file of dialogues between old friends on opposite sides of theological questions.

The Nest was written and directed by Jaime de Arminan, said to be one of Spain's leading directors. I hope not, for Spain's sake. His designs are obvious: for instance, the child is rehearsing Lady Macbeth in a school production, and Lady M.'s bossing of her husband is mimicked in the child's bossing of the widower, including an injunction to murder. The casting is inadequate: Hector Alterio, the widower, is a straitened actor; the child, Ana Torrent, is insufficiently engaging; and Luis Politti, the priest, is a sentimental ham. De Arminan has missed no chance for cinematic cliché, including poetic shots in silhouette on top of a ridge.

Wait for *La Femme Enfant*.

ROBERT BRUSTEIN ON THEATER

Learning on the Job

A Midsummer Night's Dream
directed by James Lapine

Assuming the weather cooperates, outdoor performances of Shakespeare's pastoral plays are usually a sensory experience for both actors and audiences: I have never understood why theaters in lovely natural settings (such as the American Shakespeare Festival Theater in Stratford) continually choose to stage their summer productions in air-conditioned barns rather than in the soft nocturnal air. The New York Shakespeare Festival also has access to beautiful grounds, but the arboreal splendors of Central Park have previously constituted only subliminal background for production, along with the Fifth Avenue skyline and low-flying aircraft headed toward La Guardia. For its current production of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, the festival has brought the park onstage. Heidi Landesman's stunning design transforms the festival platform into a bosky wood, decorated with birch trees, Japanese maples, rose bushes, hedges, ferns, and green banks, not to mention a sweet little pond with a spouting Cupid fountain. It is an inspired choice. There is no more appropriate place than the forest itself to perform *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, since the enchantments of nature provide the essence and imagery of the play. Thus, the design not only creates the setting for the production, but its major pleasure, wrapping the action in a vernal splendor that keeps its magical grip on us throughout the evening.

Where every prospect pleases, only man is vile. There is a serpent in this garden in the shape of its human habitation. It has been Joseph Papp's policy in recent years to entrust his Shakespeare productions essentially to contemporary theater directors with no previous experience in Elizabethan verse forms —Lee Breuer and Des McAnuff last year, this year James Lapine. Lapine is an intelligent director with an original imagination. His *Midsummer* is visually very interesting; he will undoubtedly increase his understanding of Shakespeare after he does more productions (he deserves another opportunity). But Lapine's inexperience ultimately proves fatal: the direction is ungainly, the acting cloddish, the casting bizarre, the concept uncertain. One respects this *Midsummer* largely as an exercise in on-the-job training.

Lapine's conceptual fuzziness is obvious from the opening scenes; when the characters first appear, nobody seems to be in the same period. The white ducks and long dresses of some casual strollers picnicking on the green sod suggest that this production has been set around the turn of the century, until a long-haired hippie (Philostrate) begins performing modern card tricks, and Theseus, dressed like a fugitive from the last Rainbow Gathering, addresses a Hippolita, who is costumed in the black satins of Wonder Woman. The fairies compound the sartorial confusion by gyrating on their naked haunches, like the apes in *2001*, in voodoo makeup and red and white wigs, while Oberon enters looking like Conan the Barbarian, Titania like an Indian squaw, and Puck like a simian Mammy Yokum. As for the

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mechanicals, they sport the coveralls and plaid shirts of modern blue-collar workers (Bottom adding a baseball cap that emphasizes the actor's resemblance to Billy Martin), and appear in the Pyramus and Thisbe episode wearing Elizabethan doublets and the gleaming armor of the Spanish conquest.

This kind of eclecticism doesn't suggest an interpretation, only indecision, and it functions largely to obscure the play. So, unfortunately, does the music. Allan Shawn is an accomplished theater composer, but his overamplified wind and string ensemble invariably intrudes on the verse whenever Shakespeare tries to warble his own lyrical woodnotes, thus competing with some of the most beautiful speeches in the language (if the ddstractions aren't aural, then they're visual, such as when Philostrate starts juggling during Theseus's "lunatics and lovers" speech). Even the verse is juggled; the actors do not seem to realize that the intention of their lines is implicit in the iambic stresses. The lines are interpolated or slurred or swallowed; words are added or mispronounced; Shakespeare might just as well have written the work in prose. At one point in the play scene, Quince pounds out the verse rhythms for Snug playing the Lion. I wish the director had offered the same help to the entire cast.

The acting proves not that Americans are unable to do the classics, only that it is hideously difficult with a pickup company. Although Lapine's casting instinct is not infallible, he has a keen eye for talent, and no one in this production is without gifts. But together the actors are as mismatched as the costumes—how could it be otherwise when they were thrown together for the first time just a few weeks before? The lovers have been identified as the most successful elements in the evening, and their scenes are admittedly full of high-spirited horseplay, but not only do they confuse themselves about their love objects, they often confuse us as well, because they rarely seem to be sharing the same stage. Christine Baranski, playing a lanky self-dramatizing Helena who continually consults her vanity case while powdering her nose, is a great success with the audience because she plays in a vacuum, camping the character in the *sauve qui peut* manner that characterizes the entire production. Jeff Demunn, painfully miscast and very generalized as Bottom, plays the part without charm or humor and makes no effort at the animal transformation (the other rustics are equally bland, perhaps having been instructed not to patronize the working classes). Marcelle Rosenblatt's athletic and accomplished Puck fails to conceal the effort it takes to play an otherworldly figure without having settled on a specific character. And William Hurt's Oberon is simply an amalgam of contradictory choices, as if he were searching for the key to the role in the very process of playing it.

His finest moment is his first entrance, when he rises through the ground like a fault in the surface of the earth; after this earthquake, he creates only tremors. Hurt's treatment of the

THE GLASS SLIPPER

The little hand was on the eight.
It scoured Cinderella's face, radiant
since her apotheosis; blue dress,
blonde page-boy curled like icing on a cake.
The wristwatch came packed in a glass slipper,
really plastic, but it looked like glass,
like one of my mother's shoes, but smaller.
High transparent heel, clear shank and sole,
it looked just big enough to fit me.

I stuffed my left foot halfway in,
as far as it would go. But oh,
when I limped across the bedroom rug,
the slipper cut its outline
into my swelling heel.
No matter which foot I tried,
I didn't fit that ideal last
that marks the wearer's virtue,
so I went about my business
of being good. If I was good enough
in time the shoe might fit.
I cleaned my room; then polished
the forepaws of the Georgian chair—
while in the kitchen, squirming in her highchair,
a bald and wizened empress on her throne,
my baby sister howled one red vowel
over and over.

Beside the white mulch of the chenille bedspread,
my parents' Baby Ben wind-up alarm
was three minutes off.
Each night its moonface,
a luminous and mortuary green,
guided me between my parents' sleeping forms,
where I slept
until the mechanism of my sister's hunger—
as accurate as quartz—
woke my mother and me moments before
the alarm clock sprang my father to the sink
and out the door.

Seven forty-five. His orange Mercury
cut a wake of gravel in the driveway.
Like a Chinese bride I hobbled after him
nursing my sore foot in a cotton sock.
Cinderella's oldest sister lopped off
her own big toe with a kitchen knife
to make the slipper fit, and her middle sister
sliced her heel down to size.
Even the dumbstruck Prince failed to notice,
while ferrying to the palace
each of his false brides,
the blood oozing into her glass slipper.
The shoehorn's silver tongue
consoled each one in turn,
"When *you* are Queen, you won't *need* to walk."

JANE SHORE

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verse, which he sibilates, elongates, flattens, and casually throws away, marks him as the kind of unmusical actor who used to drive W. B. Yeats to distraction, "not knowing what unearthly stuff rounds a mighty scene." This Oberon is not only earthbound, he is lumpen, and even seems ambiguous about his sexuality. He strokes and massages the sleeping Demetrius and kisses his hand, raising suspicions that his interest in the little Indian boy may be something more than paternal. By the way, that boy (endearingly played by a tiny eleven-year-old black child) is volunteered to him by Titania in an interpolated scene, but at the very moment he is in possession of the child, and even carrying him on his shoulders, Oberon is announcing that he will go to his Queen and beg her Indian boy.

THIS IS THE SORT of contradiction that shakes one's confidence in the capabilities of the people in charge. Oddly enough, though, for all the wrongheadedness and carelessness of the production, it maintains a certain enchantment. The forest scenes are frequently drenched in enough fog to raise the humidity of Central Park, and the trees are sometimes backlit with the brash russet and silver tones of a Bloomingdale's shop window during the Christmas season, but the setting always remains a pleasurable environment no matter how it is violated by artificial devices or human errors. While it may be confused and clumsy, moreover, the production is never conventional, and Lapine occasionally comes up with an arresting idea, as when he has Titania levitating in her bower or (apparently having decided that the truest feeling in this play is between Titania and her animal love) when he interrupts the play-within-the-play to show a broken-hearted Bottom looking wanly after the departing Queen.

What the hell, it's a chance to see a magical play staged in an exquisite setting free of charge, and under these delightful conditions, one's artistic standards can bend a little. The audience is enjoying itself; the actors seem to be having fun; Lapine is gaining experience for another and, one hopes, a better shot, not an inconsiderable thing considering how few good American classical directors we have. In fact, nobody seems to be suffering much except Shakespeare and a few of us melancholy critics.

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1 class
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The return of social Darwinism.

IDEOLOGIES OF SURVIVAL

BY ROBERT B. REICH

Since last October, the poor and near-poor in America have lost more than $10 billion in federal support. Some 661,000 children have lost Medicaid coverage; 900,000 poor youngsters no longer receive free or reduced-price school lunches; 280,000 no longer receive free or reduced-price breakfasts; 150,000 poor working families have lost eligibility for government-supported day care; 200,000 fewer pregnant women, new mothers, infants, and children are getting special federal coupons for milk, juice, and other diet supplements. One million people have been dropped from the food stamp rolls. In addition, 890 school districts have cut back on special education programs. Three private universities have announced that they no longer will admit able students who cannot pay their own way; 550 public libraries and museums have begun to charge entry fees. Meanwhile, military spending has begun to rise precipitously; by 1984, it will absorb nearly a third of the federal budget instead of the present quarter. America has all but abandoned its stand on global human rights, and has embraced friendly authoritarian regimes the world over. Discussions on banning nuclear tests have been terminated. Export controls on plutonium have been reduced. The Central Intelligence Agency has been allowed to return to its earlier policy of spying on Americans. The public's right to know about government activities has been curtailed. At the same time, Americans with annual incomes exceeding $200,000 have started to enjoy the bulk of a substantial cut in their personal income taxes, while America's 1,700 largest corporations have been major beneficiaries of a drastic cut in their corporate taxes. Antitrust laws have been all but rescinded. And environmental, health, and safety regulations have been stalled or rolled back.

What are we to make of all this? How can we explain this extraordinary shift in the nation's priorities? How can we respond to it? The questions are related. For depending on how this phenomenon is characterized and its causes perceived, one can imagine a range of responses on the left side of the political spectrum—grass-roots organizing by the poor, detailed studies of the shortcomings of current policies by left-leaning "think tanks," intensive campaign fund-raising for liberal candidates, disavowal of national politics and a focus on community building, personal resignation, and retreat from all activism. We can see each of these responses around us.

BOOKS DISCUSSED IN THIS ESSAY

Greed is Not Enough: Reaganomics
by Robert Lekachman
(Pantheon Books, 208 pp., $13.50, $3.50 paper)

Minds, Markets and Money: Psychological Foundations of Economic Behavior
by Shlomo Maital
(Basic Books, 306pp., $14.95)

The Principles of Sociology
by Herbert Spencer
(Greenwood Press, 3 volumes, $90)

Robert Lekachman's entertaining but disturbing little book *Greed is Not Enough: Reaganomics* views this interlude as another stage in the ongoing struggle between America's trade unionists, consumers, working poor, women, children, blacks, Hispanics, and elderly, on the one hand, and America's corporate managers, financiers, and upper-middle-class suburbanites on the other. For Lekachman, Reaganism can best be understood as a form of class warfare, the haves against the have-nots. With boundless energy, undaunting indignation, and a fair portion of hyperbole, Lekachman ushers the reader through a maze of data, anecdotes, analyses, and vignettes about the rise of supply-side economics, the tax cuts that followed (and their consequences for rich and poor), the monetarist fallacy, and other facets of Reaganism.

Lekachman's conclusion is that a minority of wealthy Americans is now in firm control of the nation's political and economic institutions, largely because the poorer majority has abdicated its position by failing to articulate a coherent program responsive to its interests and needs. Even by the beginning of the Carter Administration, according to Lekachman, New Deal and Great Society liberalism already had depleted its intellectual capital—run out not only of policy ideas, but of inspiring symbols. To Lekachman, the appropriate response is the creation of a new and more comprehensive "agenda for the left," which would fill that intellectual void. The agenda would involve much heavier taxes on the rich; the allocation of these funds to renewable energy resources, community-based cooperatives, health maintenance organizations in poor areas, low-income housing, and public transit; political control over wage and price increases; and a scale of production small enough to be managed democratically.

LEKACHMAN'S prescriptions for the future flow quite naturally from his diagnosis of what went wrong. It is not surprising that his agenda entails substituting democratic planning, financed by taxes on the wealthy, for corporate planning, since this would be a logical next stage in the class warfare he perceives as underlying our national politics. At a more basic level, Lekachman's faith in the potential efficacy of a programmatic agenda is understandable, since the only way he can explain that a majority of Americans in 1980 voted into power an Administration that has not acted in their best interests, and that many of these people still support this Administration, is by noting that post-Great Society liberalism holds out no better alternative.

Lekachman is at his best when he dissects Reagan's economic policies, revealing them as little more than a mixture of hope and greed. When combined with Reagan's military expenditures, they become hopelessly contradictory: a tight monetary policy yoked to a profligate fiscal policy and a set of perverse incentives that discourage the poor from working even if they can find jobs—this adds up to a recipe

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for economic disaster. Lekachman wrote the book a full year ago; he could not have known how grimly prophetic his arguments would be.

But there is something fundamentally unsatisfying both in Lekachman's characterization of what brought all this about and in his agenda for change. Although he transcends the free-market fables that captivate many of his fellow economists, Lekachman nevertheless subscribes to the underlying mythology of his profession, which views society as a collection of human beings who act rationally in their own self-interest. To blame the demise of liberalism on the emptiness of its programmatic cupboard radically overestimates the role of rational debate over policies in shaping public philosophy. The assumption that a new democratic agenda that promises to meet the needs of a majority of Americans will summon political support and spell the end of the Reagan interregnum substantially underestimates the role of ideology in the current era of American politics. And to see the ascendency of the New Right merely as the triumph of wealth and privilege over the poor and the dispossessed overlooks currents in the flow of American politics far deeper than the competition for power and resources.

Political discourse in America rests on ideals so long established that they have become encoded onto American life. It is this emblematic battle, rather than a debate over policies or class interests, that has been lost by those who place great value on social justice and democratic participation. The logic of self-interest has never been far away from this contest, to be sure, but neither has it been a primary motivating force. Indeed, direct appeals to selfish interest or to class consciousness have never gained much political currency in America—a fact that Lekachman and others seeking a new political agenda should bear in mind. America's emblematic battles have instead been over the nature and meaning of the public interest.

It is easy to dismiss supply-side economics as a pretext for securing the wealth of the rich at the expense of the poor. Even David Stockman has admitted this. It is by now apparent that tax breaks for wealthy people and for giant corporations do not "trickle down" to anyone else because the rich are prone to spend their extra income on yachts, real estate, or Oriental carpets rather than saving it, and because large corporations are apt to spend their extra income buying up other companies or buying back their own shares of stock rather than investing in new productive capacity. And one could be forgiven for viewing America's renewed obsession with its national security as a manifestation of the same underlying class conflict—to protect the rich from the poor—this time played out on a global scale, in which the rest of the world is perceived as coveting America's riches. The Administration's indifference to global human rights, its tendency to see Latin American issues in an East-West perspective, its crackdown on illegal immigrants, and its propensity to view all third world nationalist movements as aspects of world Communism suggest less a concern with ensuring America's safety than with defending America's position of privilege.

MR. BERGH TO THE RESCUE.

THE DEFRAUDED GORILLA. "That *Man* wants to claim my Pedigree. He says he is one of my Descendants."

MR. BERGH. "Now, Mr. DARWIN, how could you insult him so?"

CARTOON BY THOMAS NAST (1871). FROM THE GRANGER COLLECTION

But these mercenary assumptions underrate the ideological power of Reaganism, which derives from a strand of conservative social philosophy that was last prominent in America one hundred years ago. Although it has lived on in our political culture, that strand has had little to do with the dominant tradition of American conservatism, founded on the inviolability of property and a profound distrust of popular social change. Instead it celebrates change and often fails to respect established boundaries (consider the speed and boldness of the entire Reagan program). While the main line of American conservatism has looked to the likes of Edmund Burke and Alexander Hamilton for intellectual sustenance, this minor strand, from which Reaganism derives, looks to Herbert Spencer and William Graham Sumner. Its central organizing principle is social Darwinism.

Few Americans living today have read any of Herbert Spencer's writings, but they had an electrifying effect on America during the last three decades of the nineteenth century—a far greater effect than in Spencer's native England. Their influence was so great, in fact, that they worked themselves into the

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folkways of American political philosophy—into the everyday assumptions that many Americans still carry around in their heads about how social life is and should be arranged.

To Spencer and his followers, the marketplace was a field for the development and encouragement of personal character. Work provided people with moral discipline, and that was critical to survival. Life, after all, was a competitive struggle in which only those with the strongest moral fiber could survive. It was through this competitive struggle that societies became stronger over time. Only the fittest were able to prosper, because only they were able to muster the necessary resources to sustain themselves and their offspring.

EVEN BEFORE Darwin's evolutionary theories were presented to the world in 1859, Spencer had developed the idea that the pressure of subsistence upon population would have a beneficent effect upon the human race. The miserable social conditions of the early industrial revolution had provided data for Malthus's grim essay on the principle of population, but Spencer saw in the thesis a cause for hope. For the very process of impoverishment would place a premium upon skill, intelligence, self-control, and the power to adapt through technological innovation. The inevitable pressure of poverty would itself stimulate human advancement by selecting the best of each generation for survival. It was Spencer, not Darwin, who coined the phrase "survival of the fittest."

An inevitable correlate of this principle was that government should do little or nothing to eliminate poverty. Charity was permissible; if the "fittest" wished to bestow gifts upon some of the less fit, that would not contravene evolutionary forces and might indeed enhance the moral character of the giver. But state intervention to improve the lot of the poor would have disastrous results. Not only were the effects of public programs for the poor often vastly different from their intended consequences (since poverty was an infinitely complex social phenomenon that could never be eradicated), but the programs themselves interfered with natural selection. Spencer's follower, William Graham Sumner, a professor of political and social science at Yale, writing three years after Ronald Reagan's birth, put the case succinctly:

> [I]f we do not like the survival of the fittest we have only one possible alternative, and that is the survival of the unfittest. The former is the law of civilization. . . . [A] plan for nourishing the unfittest and yet advancing civilization, no man will ever find.

Spencer and his followers publicly deplored poor laws, state-supported education, regulation of housing conditions, and the protection of the consumer against dangers and deceptions. They also found anathema any state-enforced effort to achieve equality, even equality of opportunity, because evolution depended for its force on inequality. Those who could not adapt themselves to their environment for whatever reason should not be artificially helped, so they thought, because the survival of the species depended on the survival of people who could adapt. Without natural inequalities, the law of survival of the fittest would have no meaning.

IF ALL THIS sounds impossibly cold-blooded to someone living in the last decades of the twentieth century, it may be more because these sentiments have been disguised within socially acceptable rhetoric than because they have been totally discredited in the popular mind. Consider Ronald Reagan's insistence that the nation's poor can find work if they really want to (why, just look at the help-wanted columns in your daily newspaper), or the circumlocutions surrounding recent proposals to develop urban enterprise zones, return welfare responsibilities to the states, provide tax credits for private schools, and eliminate the progressive income tax, which White House counselor Ed Meese recently called "immoral." The party line is that our society has grown fat, flaccid, and careless. We are soft from too much coddling. Only by trimming the fat, going back to basics, and enhancing our vigilance can we hope to return America to its former position of prosperity and strength. This suggests that the government's withdrawal will release all sorts of energies among those best able to adapt and survive, while forcing less-able souls to work harder. Those least able to survive should not be nurtured by the state, lest the entire society become demoralized as a result, and the wrong habits and qualities be thereby encouraged in our citizens (an important image in this symbolic argument is the welfare mother who has more babies in order to get a bigger welfare check).

The subtle allure of social Darwinism finds its way into other policy arenas. One can detect its presence in recent discussions about foreign aid. After all, so the argument goes, there is very little that we or anyone else can do to relieve human suffering in sub-Sahara Africa, or the Indian subcontinent. It is tragic, of course, but it is a fact of life. If we fed them, that would only make them more dependent and prolong their agony.

AMERICA'S current obsession with military rearmament and the nation's diplomatic xenophobia over the Soviet gas pipeline can also be viewed most clearly through the myopic lens of social Darwinism. Notwithstanding that Herbert Spencer was a pacifist and an internationalist, the ideas he fathered are easily transmuted into demands for more weapons, bigger bombs, and trade embargoes. If only the fittest will survive, we must ensure our national strength. If survival is a bitter contest, then surely the Soviets will bury us should our vigilance wane.

One can also see the underpinnings of social Darwinism in the Administration's hands-off approach to large corporations. According to this view, it is only right that we drop antitrust charges against behemoths like IBM and AT&T, since their market power arises by virtue of their inherent superiority. Let them gobble up smaller companies and drive rivals into the ground. Their successes are to be encouraged, and weaker companies must be weeded out; that is the law of natural selection. Our economy will be all the stronger for it.

Social Darwinism's underlying concern with the development of moral character—and with the survival of those with the strongest fortitude, ambition, and conviction—suggests a connection between these economic and military policies and the moral crusades of the New Right. If prayer in the public schools builds moral conviction in our young, if proscriptions on abortions make people more responsible for their actions, if the possession of firearms encourages people to defend themselves and their families, then the nation and its citizens will be so much the stronger. And such moral strength is necessary both to keep our economy strong and to defend ourselves against the godless Soviets.

These ideas are not unique to Ronald

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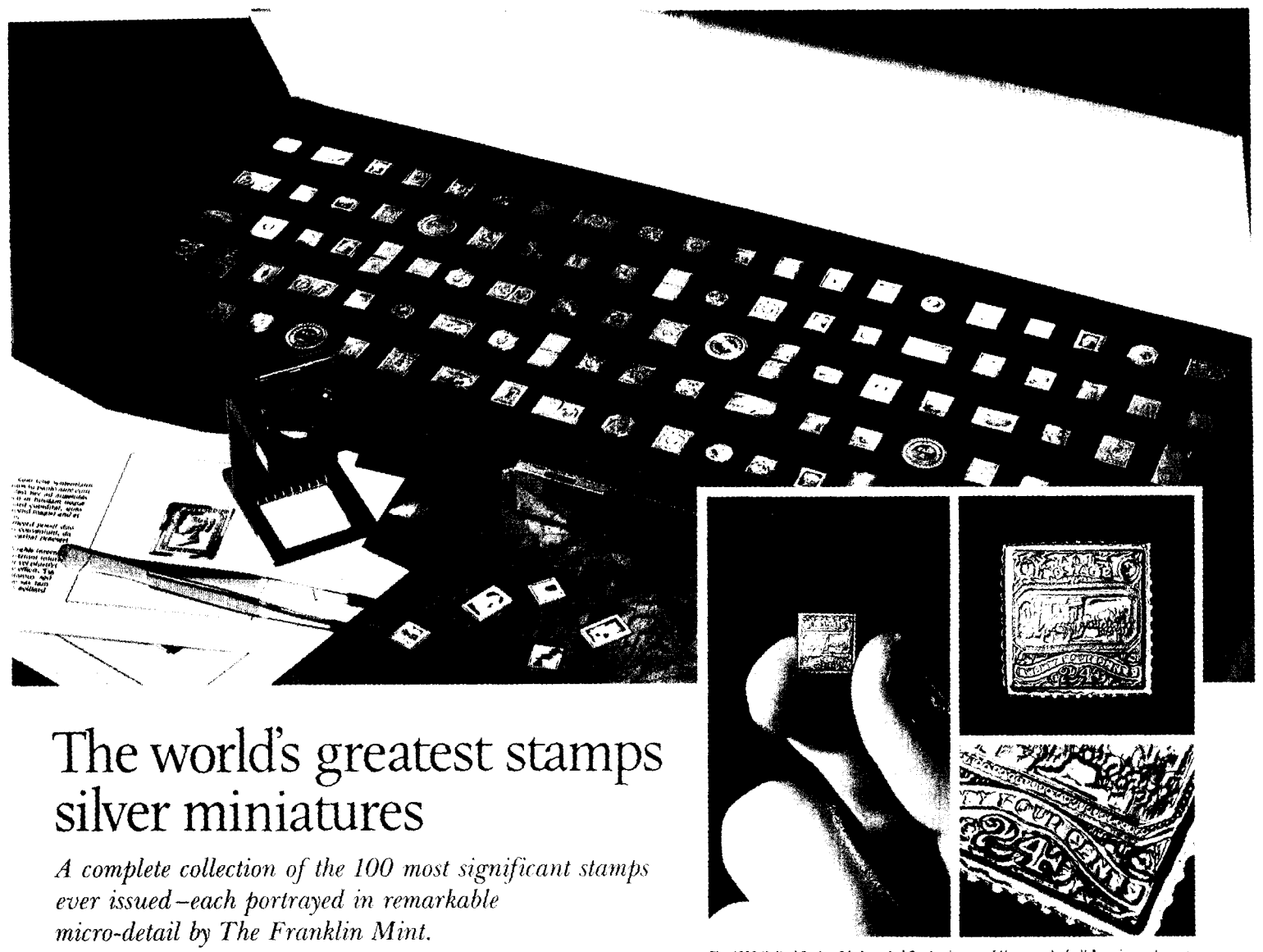

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Reagan or to his Administration. They have been with us, in one form or another, for more than a century. They have been a minor strand in America's popular political philosophy, to be sure. But Ronald Reagan did not single-handedly bring them to renewed national prominence. The teachings of Herbert Spencer and William Graham Sumner no doubt helped shape the political consciousness of many youngsters born around the first decade of this century, particularly in America's heartland, and so it is not surprising that they colored Ronald Reagan's own instinctive ideology. But they are resonating in the America of the 1980s because issues of survival have once again taken a central place in the nation's consciousness.

The current preoccupation with survival has its roots in America's fallen hopes. In the decade of the 1970s, Americans' expectations for themselves and their nation were dashed in a rude series of shocks, symbolized by Vietnam, OPEC, and Watergate. Perhaps even more significant than these discrete setbacks was the fact that a large and pampered postwar generation reached adulthood within an economy that could not deliver. By 1978, the standard of living of most Americans was beginning to decline for the first time in forty years. Survival seemed to be at stake for the simple reason that so many trends all at once sloped downward. For Americans who were accustomed to seeing the future as a more bountiful and better version of the present, the decade of the 1970s presented an ominous prospect.

IT IS DIFFICULT to be precise about the beginnings of a *Zeitgeist*, but there is little doubt that as a nation and as individuals we now ponder our survival with a degree of concern not felt since the early 1930s, perhaps not since the turn of the century. Questions of survival are everywhere: Can our cities survive? Can democracy survive? Will our economy survive? Will civilization survive? Apocalyptic visions haunt debates over foreign affairs and economic policy. Our politics in America have grown deadly serious.

With issues of survival so close to the surface of public consciousness, the dominant tradition of conservative ideology—resting on notions of private property, institutional stability, and public order—has become far less relevant. In 1980, the time was ripe for the minor strand to reappear: social Darwinism in modern cloak. Its message has been clear, although never stated explicitly. Our social life has suddenly grown more precarious. It is now a struggle in which the stakes are infinitely high. As a nation and as individuals we must be strong and independent, and we must reward strength and independence. To be weak and to nurture weakness will spell our collective doom.

THE IDEOLOGY of survival is enormously powerful, and Ronald Reagan has exploited it at every turn. Regardless of whether we in fact face an apocalypse, the feeling of foreboding is real, founded as it is on America's economic decline, and it has real political force. Liberals must respond to the apprehension about survival if liberalism is to speak to its time. The question that must be addressed by those who still place great value on social justice and democratic processes is not what type of political program will appeal to the selfish interest of a majority of voters. Of course we need a new agenda on the left; Great Society liberalism has run up against a bureaucratic wall. But Lekachman and other reformers are wrong to focus entirely on programs and policies at a time when the real challenge for those on the left is to enunciate an ideology appropriate to an era haunted by fears of survival.

Since the middle decades of the twentieth century, American liberalism has been preoccupied with issues of income redistribution. How the pie is divided among rich and poor continues to be a vitally important question, of course, but it is far less compelling than survival. If we are forced to choose between a more equitable distribution of our wealth and the continued vitality of our society—and this is precisely the choice that has been posed by Reaganism and the New Right—there is little doubt which side most Americans will take. For survival is a precondition to everything else.

The politics of class only cuts us off from one another; a new ideology on the left must join us together as one people facing a common challenge. That new ideology must be premised on the importance of the values of conciliation and community to the continued survival of the nation and the planet. It can take as one of its starting points the threat of nuclear holocaust that imperils us all unless we can reach global agreement on arms control. If the "fittest" is assumed to be the nation that can amass the greatest nuclear arsenal, then the process of natural selection will doom us all.

But even in the economic sphere, communitarian values can be shown to underpin future prosperity. The raft of recent writings about Japanese business practices—celebrating the "art" of Japanese management, quality circles, Theory Z—all suggest that economic survival is coming to depend critically upon how well people collaborate within large and complex organizations. An emerging literature on the psychological foundations of economic behavior also suggests that the success of entire national economies has a great deal to do with how people are accustomed to cooperate within them, and citizens' collective sense of loyalty to, and participation within, broad social systems.

SHLOMO MAITAL'S *Minds, Markets, and Money* seeks to draw these economic and social relationships. Maital amasses a substantial amount of experimental data—studies showing that productivity often increases during wartime that unionized sectors of national economies often are more productive than nonunionized, that people often will refrain from making inflationary demands if they sense that others are also holding back—all of which emphasizes the collective side of economic behavior. Maital contrasts these findings to others—such as the classic experiment with tug-of-war, showing that the force exerted by any single person pulling on the rope is inversely related to the number of people on his team—in an effort to discover underlying principles of group economic behavior. A central theme running through these findings is what Maital calls the "paradox of sacrifice." It is that under certain conditions, when enough people are willing to contribute toward a specific goal, the sacrifice entailed by each person in seeking to achieve it, and the need to compel sacrifice in the first place, vanish.

Maital suggests only the barest outline of a social theory. The book never gets beneath the surface of the experiments and ideas it relates. But one can discern within it the beginnings of a powerful argument for the values of social justice and democratic participa-

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tion, not only as worthy ends in themselves, but also as necessary steps along the way to our collective survival. For the paradox of sacrifice occupies a central place in an advanced industrial society like ours, which is dominated by complex organizations and attenuated personal relationships. In countless ways, the willingness of many people to endure some small sacrifice for the greater good reduces the burden on any one member or group.

BUT CYNICAL indifference to public values is corrosive, as each person or group becomes less willing to bear any burden on the supposition that others are avoiding their fair share. We see the dark side of this paradox in the $90 billion in taxes that the Internal Revenue Service estimates were unpaid last year; in the dishevelment of our parks and public facilities; in the reluctance of many people to report crimes or corruption. A collective commitment to social justice and democratic processes helps assure everyone that benefits and burdens are allocated fairly, and this assurance in turn is the very foundation of future prosperity and social security. A collective cynicism about the fairness of the system perpetuates itself in the opposite direction, impoverishing our life together.

The coming ideological debate is not over how the pie is to be divided; nor is it the old contest between efficiency and equity, property and state-enforced charity. It has deeper roots, and the stakes are higher. As the economies of America and all other nations slow down, and some begin to decline absolutely, many people are tempted to maintain their standard of living by expropriating a portion of the declining share of everyone else. But these beggar-thy-neighbor strategies, already apparent in Reagan's America, will undermine civic virtue and ultimately reduce the prosperity and security of everyone.

The coming debate is over the ideologies of survival. A central concern with fairness is the flip side of social Darwinism. Such a concern is patently more relevant to America's future survival than is an ideology that celebrates competitive struggle. Those who value social justice must spread the message that, in the long run, the dog-eat-dog world hailed by the new social Darwinists will lack even the memory of a bark.

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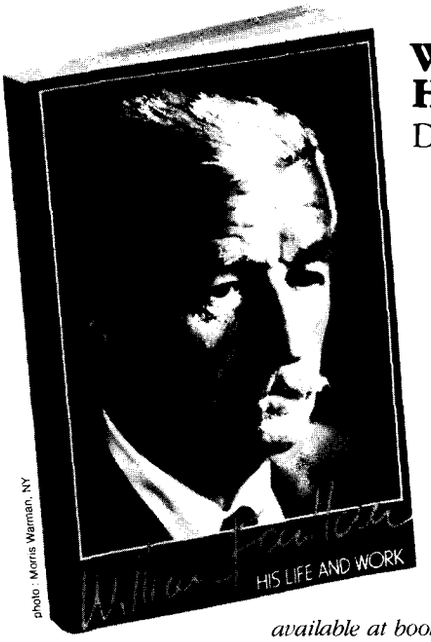

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A Theological Fantasy

God's Grace
by Bernard Malamud

(Farrar, Straus and Giroux, 223 pp., $13.50)

Bernard Malamud is a writer who early on established an emphatic paradigm for his fictional world and who ever since has been struggling in a variety of ways to escape its confines. His latest novel is his most strenuous strategem of escape, moving beyond the urban horizon of his formative work into an entirely new mode of postapocalyptic fantasy—with intriguing though somewhat problematic results.

When I say "paradigm," I am not referring to the explicit Jewish themes or to the morally floundering Jewish protagonists that have been trademarks of Malamud's fiction, with the exception of his first novel, *The Natural*. In fact, *God's Grace* is the most self-consciously Jewish of all his books. Its hero, Calvin (née Seymour) Cohn, the son of a rabbi and himself a former rabbinic student, carries his dog-eared copy of the Pentateuch into the strange new world in which he finds himself, tries to transfer its ethical teaching to the new reality, conducts inward arguments with God, sometimes even alluding to rabbinic texts, and, above all, broods over the awesome story of the Binding of Isaac and wonders what it might suggest about God's real intentions toward humanity. What I mean by "paradigm" is, in essence, the phenomenological substructure of Malamud's fictional world—its constant tilting of its protagonists into narrow enclosures, preferably cluttered and dirty, and ultimately with no real exits. The novelist has repeatedly sought to give his own claustrophobic sensibility a moral as well as thematic justification by intimating that these sundry traps, prisons, and living graves in which he places his protagonists (Morris Bober's grocery store, Yakov Bok's cell, Harry Lesser's condemned tenement) are the harsh limits within which a true moral life of commitment is realized. But, as I have had occasion to argue elsewhere, this is precisely the least convincing aspect of Malamud's work.

God's Grace, as a future fiction, sets to one side—without, however, entirely suppressing—the Malamudian vision of cluttered incarceration by sweeping the global slate clean. Calvin Cohn, a gentle-souled, rabbinically learned oceanographer, happens to be in a bathosphere at the bottom of the Pacific when a nuclear war is launched that in a few minutes destroys all animal life on earth, down to the last creeping things and the last fish swarming in the sea. By an absurd oversight of God—or is it, Cohn wonders, a new twist of His inscrutable design?—Cohn alone of all humanity is saved in the insulated roundness of his deep-sea submersible. Up to this point, the plot follows a familiar enough route of reasonably plausible science fiction, but by rapid stages, uninhibited fantasy takes over. Summary is bound to be a little unfair to the novel because Malamud makes it far more engaging than will be suggested by the bare fictional data.

Cohn discovers that another living creature has somehow survived with him on the oceanographic vessel, a young male chimpanzee named Buz, who has been extraordinarily trained by his late scientist-owner: as the story emerges, Buz has been given both the capacity for perfectly articulate speech and a stubborn adherence to the tenets of Christianity. Cohn assumes toward the chimp a benign Crusoe-to-Friday relationship of mentor and friend, though this eventually turns into something utterly different from what first appears. Meanwhile, once Cohn and Buz have established themselves on a blessedly fruit-bearing tropical island, other simian survivors of the devastation enter the scene: a huge melancholy gorilla who reveals a fondness for cantorial singing, a small group of chimps who under Cohn's tutelage prove as wonderfully educable as Buz, and a family of luckless baboons.

Cohn's island might of course be construed as another version of the Malamudian prison, but it has a spaciousness, a paradisiacal sense of benign nature, absent from the characteristic roach-ridden cells, literal and figurative, of Malamud's previous fiction. Even the Crusoesque cave that Cohn makes into his home, complete with rough-hewn furniture, shelves, and a rolling wooden barrier at the mouth, is more cosy womb than tomb. This mode of fantasy, moreover, releases an element of exuberance in Malamud's writing that was exhibited in some of his most attractive early stories, like "Angel Levine" and "Idiots First." The opening chapter, in which Cohn, in his dripping wet suit, discovers that, despite the promise recorded in Genesis, the Flood has come again, and then finds himself addressed from above by an impatient Lord of Hosts, is a bravura performance. Many of the pages that follow are informed by a winning zaniness of invention. Modulations of tone are always essential when Malamud's writing is working well, and the quality of wry bemusement, hovering between sad reflection and self-ironic laughter, lends a certain emotional authority to the fantasy. "Maybe this island was Paradise," Cohn wonders,

> although where was everybody who had been rumored to be rentless in eternity? No visible living creature moved through the outsize vegetation, only a lone Jewish gentleman and a defenseless orphaned chimp, befriended on a doomed oceanography vessel.

The muted comic effect of such writing seems just right, avoiding mawkishness or the melodrama that Cohn's postdeluvian plight might invite through quietly witty formulations like the characterization of the blessed as "rentless in eternity" or the image of "a lone Jewish gentleman" (only five foot six) peering into the outsize vegetation.

MALAMUD has described his own novel as "a visionary tale with a prophetic warning." Some of his efforts, I fear, to convey a visionary argument through the story betray an underlying weakness, and the prophetic warning at the end, though it may seem to the author to serve a moral purpose, is a painful illustration of how Malamud's materials can go wildly out of control. Let me first address the visionary argument. Given the calamitous state to which humankind has brought the world, and, if you are a believer, to which God has permitted humankind to bring the world, Malamud not only questions human nature but also the nature of the God who allows His own handiwork such a cruel genius for self-annihilation. This theological inquiry is focused chiefly through a confrontation

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between Jewish and Christian views (in the persons of Cohn and Buz) of the story of the Binding of Isaac, the compelling and baffling parable of how God might seem to require the slaughter of His human sons. Christian tradition calls the story the Sacrifice of Isaac because it is taken as the typological intimation of the Crucifixion; Judaism calls it the Binding because the actual denouement of the story is stressed, in which the angel's voice stays the sacrificial knife just before it plunges. Cohn is led to speculate, considering what has happened to his own century from the Holocaust through Hiroshima to the ultimate devastation, that the Lord who oversees this world might in fact want an actual immolation of humanity.

STRUGGLING to perpetuate a humane Jewish ethics, Cohn promulgates to his fellow primates what he calls the Seven Admonitions (in deference to his Mosaic predecessor, he avoids the term commandment), which reflect a cautiously hopeful, pragmatic view of the necessity for altruism and of man's small but real potential for good. The Second Admonition reads: "Note: God is not love. God is God. Remember Him." This Jewish theological emphasis, it might be observed, reverses certain subterranean Christian motifs that can be detected in the earlier Malamud. (The most apposite contrast is the story "The Magic Barrel" where the rabbinic student Finkle is led by the plot, according to sound Pauline doctrine, to turn away from the law, to which he has been devoted, for the sake of love.) Late in the book, at a point when Cohn's hoped-for new covenant is manifestly disintegrating, Buz, who has played a shadowy role in the process of disintegration, makes bold to erase the word "not" from the Second Admonition. The theological assertion, thus Christianized, that God is love, might seem benign enough, but in view of what is afterward perpetrated by the hand that has revised the Admonition, an anti-Christian polemic is clearly implied. Those who make such an ideal claim about God, we may infer, are the most likely to slip into the abyss of the anti-ideal; or, alternately, a God who is supposed to be love in a world where so little of it is in evidence may also enact the outrageous paradox of sacrificing mankind, His only-begotten beloved son, in the most ghastly way to demonstrate that He is love.

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Malamud's theological argument, unlike the tonality and humor of his fantasy, is not misrepresented by summary. It is, in other words, schematic, sketchy, lacking weight of experience and density of intellectual texture. One symptom of this lack of anchorage is that Cohn's abundant references to Jewish tradition are patently secondhand and in some instances misinformed. More serious is the fact that this polemic with Christianity in the end contradictorily reimagines a doctrine of Original Sin, the plot concluding with an irresistible assertion of the Old Adam. There is an ambiguity here that is confused rather than fruitful: a reader, contemplating the conclusion, could easily turn the whole book around, something I doubt the author intends, and claim that Cohn's guarded Jewish optimism about humanity was all along a superficial view and, worse, an abysmal delusion.

The denouement involves a horrific orgy of infanticide and cannibalism and then dire consequences of a rather strained symbolic character for Cohn himself. Malamud wants this to be taken as prophetic warning, but it seems far more like sheer punishment inflicted by the author on his protagonist and thus implicitly on the reader as well. Punishing his incarcerated characters has been a temptation to which Malamud has of course succumbed again and again. The feel of the ending here is unfortunately very like that of the ghastly ending of *The Tenants*, when Harry Lesser sinks an ax into the skull of Willie Spearmint at the exact moment his black rival lashes off his testicles with a razor-sharp knife. Even without pursuing psychoanalytic conjecture, we may note that there is a palpable gap between such unleashing of aggression against characters and readers, and the moral claims made for the fictional expression of all that rage.

IN JUST THIS REGARD, Gore Vidal's *Kalki* (1978) provides an instructive contrast to *God's Grace*. It is also a post-apocalyptic fantasy, though the bulk of the novel is devoted to a brilliantly suspenseful account of the plot to bring about the apocalypse. Here, too, the relentless egoism of some of the survivors ends by subverting the possibility of survival. There is, however, a kind of purity of witty misanthropy in Vidal's treatment of this whole subject. No "prophetic" or moralistic claims are made for the story; it is an end-of-the-world thriller that reveals the essential nastiness of the ingenious human animal, something about which the author has never been seriously in doubt. This is probably too glib and too limited a view of mankind to generate anything like major fiction, but it does give the work in question a certain consistency, even a kind of circumscribed integrity. *God's Grace*, by contrast, invites us to take it as an impassioned plea for kindness and pity for all living creatures in the face of man's enormous capacity for murderous destruction. The moral message is unexceptionable, but the vehemence with which the brutish counterforce to kindness and pity is imagined at the end is disquieting. Instead of holding a prophetic mirror to the contorted face of mankind, the novelist—at least so it seems to this reader—has once again taken his lovingly fashioned creatures, bound them hand and foot, and begun to play with axes, knives, tearing incisors, and other instruments of dismemberment.

ROBERT ALTER

Robert Alter is professor of comparative literature at the University of California at Berkeley, and the author most recently of *The Art of Biblical Narrative* (Basic Books).

FEMININITY AND ITS DISCONTENTS

When Things of the Spirit Come First by Simone de Beauvoir

(Pantheon, 212 pp., $13.95)

Dancing Girls and Other Stories by Margaret Atwood

(Simon and Schuster, 224 pp., $14.50)

A Visit from the Footbinder and Other Stories by Emily Prager

(Wyndham Books, 126 pp., $13.50)

Tolstoy may have been right when he wrote that all unhappy families are unhappy in their own way, but the consensus among authors seems to be that unhappy women, at least, are strikingly similar. "In sorrow thou shalt bring forth children," God told Eve and all her descendants, according to one ancient book. According to newer books, written mostly by women, the fair sex shares more than labor pains and a legacy of social and political oppression. There are many peculiarly female psychological woes as well, and they seem to be multiplying: authors tell of mother troubles and Cinderella complexes, "pressure points" and "passages," that lie in store for girls as soon as they turn into women at the witching hour of puberty. Every week the "Hers" column in *The New York Times* has even more up-to-date news on a wide variety of unhappinesses women might share with their sisters. In fiction too, the shape of a distinctively feminine, and arduous, *Bildungsroman* has been discerned by literary critics (mostly women) looking back at lady novelists of the past. Meanwhile, women writers of the present are at work updating female ordeals and adventures. This fall three collections of short stories by women present a bevy of unhappy heroines who share an often burdensome self-consciousness about their common woes.

Virginia Woolf, a pioneer on feminist literary terrain, identified two essential difficulties women faced both in writing and in living. The first was obedience to a phantom she called The Angel in the House and described this way:

> She was intensely sympathetic. She was immensely charming. She was utterly un-

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selfish. She excelled in the difficult arts of family life. She sacrificed herself daily. If there was a chicken, she took the leg; if there was a draught, sse sat in it.

Woolf turned upon this selfless sprite and caught her by her delicate, yielding throat. However, women's other problem—telling the truth about their passions, about their "own experiences as a body"—was more intractable; "I doubt that any woman has solved it yet," Woolf wrote in 1931, admitting that she hadn't. But many of these stories, published half a century after Woolf's essay, suggest that women now—both the writers and their characters—have far more trouble with Woolf's first problem than with the second. Bodies and passions now lie bare in books, carefully scrutinized in countless contortions. It is how to behave as a self in the house, in the world—not as a body in bed—that poses greater difficulty for women in these stories: if not as an Angel, then as what?

SIMONE DE BEAUVOIR wrote *When Things of the Spirit Come First* more than forty years ago, roughly a decade before she published *The Second Sex*, which established her as another pioneering expert on women's unenviable lot. In these five tales ("a beginner's piece of work," she acknowledges in her introduction to this reissue, the first English translation), de Beauvoir examines the varieties of delusory spiritual experience that deflect five young women from discovering a true self equipped to live in the world. Foremost among the distracting illusions is religiosity; Catholic piety was "in the air I breathed," de Beauvoir writes of her own youth and that of her friends, the models for the fivesome of the collection. It fed "wonderful, pathetic" dreams of soulfulness and led to days of sacrifice and sterility. Serious Anne, tyrannized by her devout mother, resigns herself to masochistic extremes of psychic suffering and finally death. Marcelle and Chantal, more frivolous, adorn their piety with precious aestheticism. "I have the delightful impression," Chantal confides in her diary, "that I vibrate with the least breath of life and that I turn everything I touch into a delicious honey that scents and strengthens my inner life." These women, deluded about the state of their souls, are barely better acquainted with their bodies. Only Marguerite, de Beauvoir's autobiographical character, arrives on the verge of discovering an authentic self—a creative crusader, not an Angel in the House, as the years ahead were to prove.

Margaret Atwood is Canada's representative on the rostrum of acclaimed contemporary women writers ("one of the most important writers in English today," according to Australia's representative, Germaine Greer). She certainly is prolific; her fifth novel, *Bodily Harm*, was published only last spring, and this season she has two new books to her credit—a volume of poetry, as well as *Dancing Girls*, a collection of stories. Most of these fourteen stories, however, are as flat and diffuse as the female characters who inhabit them. Atwood's women drift through their days, taking superficial note of the present as it passes them by, later plaguing themselves with trivially ominous memories of the past, and rarely imagining a fruitful future. Men are most often what distract and discourage them from giving shape to their lives. "Because you had not left in the proper way it seemed as though you had never left at all," one woman complains about a departed lover:

> You hung around, like a miasma or the smell of mice, waiting to deflate my attempts at optimism—for out of sheer fright I began to make them—with your own jaundiced view of my behavior.

Accompanying these deadly men, the Angel of the House hovers over the women in Atwood's stories, adding to their sense of doom about their passive fate. Thus the untimely death of a docile neighbor haunts one character: "This, then, was the punishment for being devoted and obliging, this was what happened to girls such as (I felt) myself." Though they can't vanquish Woolf's Angel, Atwood's women can recount their experiences as bodies—but they find no solid self there either. In the last story, "Giving Birth," a new mother, who expects a revelation during her ordeal, discovers only an identity as unfixed as before:

> . . . Jeanie examines [the baby], she is complete, and in the days that follow Jeanie herself becomes drifted over with new words, her hair slowly darkens, she ceases to be what she was and is replaced, gradually, by someone else.

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Emily Prager's short story collection, her publishing debut, is wry and irreverent, rare qualities in feminist fiction. Like almost all of her female characters, Prager is adventurous. She begins *A Visit to the Footbinder and Other Stories* with the tale of the footbinding of a little girl named Pleasure Mouse in thirteenth-century China and resists conventional accounts of women and their contemporary complaints in the stories that follow. Instead of finding pathos in women's acquiescence to cultural and personal constraints, she discovers comedy and irony, often dark, in their efforts to liberate themselves. In the medieval Chinese court, women's only hope for a good marriage and luxurious life was to have bound feet, "no longer than newborn kittens," forced into tiny shoes at a tender age, a gruesome rite supervised by the ladies of the court. Prager's story of the subjugation of six-year-old "perky Pleasure Mouse's" scampering feet is at once poignant and pointed, thanks to an active imagination and inventive prose—far more effective than the heavy-handed parable it all too easily could have been.

Prager is distinctly less deft in "The Lincoln-Pruitt Anti-Rape Device: Memoirs of the Women's Combat Army in Vietnam," where she attempts the broadest social and sexual satire of the collection.

In the least outlandish of the five stories, "Agoraphobia," Prager comes back home to Manhattan and conventional realism and writes what could almost be a Margaret Atwood tale of female neurosis, except for the liberal lacing of irony.

> Marian had read about herself in *The New York Times*. An article in the 'Hers' column had convinced her that she was an 'agoraphobe,' a term she preferred to 'shut-in' for the visions it conjured up of a white-pillared marketplace in ancient Greece.

Along with her neurosis, however, Marian has a down-to-earth phantom named Dolores (she files her nails and cracks her gum—not at all an Angel) who has been impatiently scolding and prodding Marian ever since she was four. This time imaginary Dolores bullies Marian into venturing out to a cocktail party—where her courage is rewarded by bumping into Russell Baker, whose column Marian has the good sense and humor to follow even more avidly than "Hers."

ANN HULBERT

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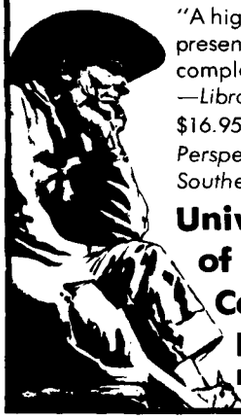

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THE JOY OF JOURNALISM

The Right Time at the Right Place
by Robert MacNeil

(Little, Brown, 333 pp., $13.95)

Henry James once teasingly suggested that the novelist was fast becoming the type of modern man. The novelist, in James's logic, must project his subjectivity in an objective form; and so must we moderns in pursuing the grail of identity. If James were alive today, however, he would despair to discover that it is not the novelist who is our emblematic figure. It is the journalist.

The evidence is everywhere, at least here in Washington, D.C. This is an age of journalism, and to journalism everything must submit. And everyone: the other day, a cab driver deplored an action of the French government to me in these words: "Ever since De Gaulle and his Force de Frappe, the French have refused to play ball with the West on nuclear strategy." Out of the blue, the proprietor of my favorite diner asked me recently if I knew his philosophy on monetary policy. I didn't know you cared about such things, I replied. Then I realized my mistake: opinions are our passports in the democracy of noise. Private life today is passé; you prove your seriousness by having views on the great questions of state.

So don't talk to me about your griefs and loves; I want your thoughts on the pipeline boycott. Whether you believe in God doesn't interest me; what I want to know is, where do you stand on protectionism versus free trade? Educated people once discussed the true, the good, and the beautiful. Today events, even pseudo-events, have replaced ideas and feelings as the coin of conversation. Kierkegaard complained that he could not be himself in the presence of the Truth. Our trouble is different: How can we be ourselves talking about the tax bill?

Our relationships resemble long interviews. We run a headline service for acquaintances, saving the in-depth discussions for close friends. In Jane Austen, interesting people are said to "have conversation." Our version of that is people who "have journalism," who can gabble on informatively about, say, the devaluation of the peso. In this and other ways, journalism is fixing the grammar of social relations.

In the 1940s psychoanalytic patients dreamed of movie stars; now, no doubt, they dream of anchormen. The TV journalists are as famous as Presidents, but better paid. When their opinions itch, the nation scratches. They live out our secret lusts for power without responsibility, for glamor and excitement. Unlike the novelists, they specialize in

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quick creation. They are always cool; their clothes and coiffure, always impeccable. They never fart; never burp, blanche, or burble. Never use handkerchiefs, for they never sneeze. And they never stumble, as you or I would, in the company of the great. Faced with the refulgent spectacle of the TV journalist, Henry James would have stubbed out his envy on the reflection that, take him all in all, the fellow is shallow. But we, who act like amateur journalists in our private lives, can't scorn where we would tread.

"BEING A JOURNALIST, a reporter, is wonderful," Robert MacNeil admits, letting the cat out of the bag so the dogs of envy can chase it. This memoir of his life as a journalist is understated, severely objective: like "The MacNeil-Lehrer Report," minus Lehrer and the guests. For all that, it is irresistibly readable. MacNeil tells a good story well; he has the TV reporter's knack for elision, his eye for the telling image. But it is the stories themselves that make you turn the pages.

A young Canadian seeking his fortune in London, MacNeil set out to be a playwright, and stumbled into journalism by accident. It was 1956: Suez and the Hungarian Revolution launched his career. There followed a risky patch covering the Congo fracas, and a ghastly glimpse of the Algerian War. MacNeil was in Paris the night De Gaulle expected the rebel paras to drop on the city. He happened to be in Berlin the day the East Germans threw up the Wall, and was taken prisoner when he went to investigate. He was kidnapped by Fidel Castro during the Cuban missile crisis, and brought back a box of Cuban cigars for President Kennedy. Covering J.F.K.'s trip to Dallas on November 22, 1963, he was the first newsman to break the bad news, calling NBC from the Texas Book Depository. (Where's the phone? MacNeil shouted, and Lee Harvey Oswald told him, ask that guy over there.) He covered, and grew to like, Barry Goldwater in the 1964 campaign; he was hugged by L.B.J. and shamelessly stroked by his press secretary, Bill Moyers. He had drinks with Richard Nixon, who later plotted to fire him. He interviewed the likes of Bertrand Russell ("I owe my longevity to intellectual stimulation—and fornication"), Charlie Chaplin, and Rose Kennedy; and he witnessed, and movingly sketches here, Churchill's last days in the House of Commons, the members "hear-hearing" as the old titan shambled down the aisle.

MacNeil knows he's been lucky; he is pompous only when discussing "The MacNeil-Lehrer Report." He gives his views, expresses his convictions, when that seems appropriate. What is rarer far, he admits when he was wrong or winging it, stretching his ignorance to meet a deadline. Incidentally, MacNeil was recently attacked in *Harper's* for believing that most public issues have two sides. To the beardless wit who wrote the piece, apparently, truth is not dialectical but, like the coin in the Borges story, has only one side. MacNeil's two-sided theory is dull as charged, but it makes him a better friend of tolerance.

THE BOOK reads like a fairy tale in which kings are struck down, empires fall, revolutions break out, and the innocent are slaughtered in their thousands; all the while the magic spell cast by the letters NBC, BBC, and PBS keeps the hero safe from harm. A disaster to so many, history has been an opportunity for Robert MacNeil. He's candid about this, and properly rueful. About his meal ticket for so many years, TV news, he is scorching. After describing an appalling TV journalist bullying a survivor of an air crash to please repeat that "bit" about his missing wife, MacNeil registers the kind of contempt for one's profession that is a mark of contemporary self-consciousness; it is, of course, yet another way in which the journalist is our emblematic figure.

> And to what purpose are thousands of men and women scrambling over the earth . . . to get that bit? So that millions of people may be distracted for a moment from their own domestic concerns to witness another human being in great distress? . . .
>
> Does it not ultimately blunt and cheapen all those natural feelings to have them so often artificially stimulated? Does it not make human pity itself a banality? Does that not force competitive television producers to turn the screw . . . harder each time to make the sensation fresher. . .?
>
> And what is the ultimate purpose of all this activity? The television journalists, like journalists everywhere, want to tell stories. The networks want to sell deodorant.
>
> And that's the way it is.

JACK BEATTY

MYSTERIES

Two of my, and everyone's, favorites are back this summer, and a third who is clearly everyone's, though not mine: Dick Francis, Tony Hillerman, and Robert Ludlum. All produce what they have become noted for producing, so the packages are as before, pleasing or not depending upon one's taste. One, Hillerman, is still going uphill; Francis is, perhaps on the slightest of downward curves, and Ludlum simply grows fatter.

The Dark Wind (Harper & Row, $12.50) is Tony Hillerman's best book in an already strong series. A professor of journalism by trade, Hillerman knows the Navajo, Hopi, and Apache cultures intimately, and has developed his own niche in mystery and detective fiction, much as James McClure has done with his novels based on apartheid in South Africa, by turning the mystery and its solution upon the intricate social and religious life of the Indians of the American Southwest. These books could exist nowhere else, they are authentic, and the resolutions grow out of the character of an entire people.

This time Jim Chee, Navajo tribal policeman, has three mysteries to solve: the identity of a murdered man who has had the soles of his feet and his fingertips removed; the reason why a vandal is damaging a windmill on the Navajo/Hopi tribal border over and over; and the cause of a small private plane's crash just beyond Oraibi Wahs. For someone who knows this country from the ground—and I do—the sense of place is enormously appealing, but one need never have been to the Hopi mesa-top villages to be there with Hillerman. Of course the three puzzles prove to be related, and in his careful, slow way

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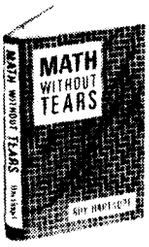

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Chee, with a bit of help from the Kachina spirits, brings the mystery to a resolution satisfying to Hopi and Navajo theology alike.

In *Twice Shy* Dick Francis has ventured into the world of computers. The novel (Putnam, $13.95) is, in part, about how computers might be used to predict winners in horse racing, and in part about a marriage that is breaking down; even more, the novel is about the relationship between two brothers of considerable difference in age. First we see the world of computers and incidentally of racing through the eyes of Jonathan, who teaches physics in an English school; in the second half of the novel we visit the world of racing and incidentally of computers through brother William. During a twelve-year interval in between, a possessed villain pursues his dream of sweeping all the races by learning BASIC. As usual, Francis has done his research well, and deals in his customary even-handed way with personal courage, pain, and humiliation. He also knows how to write convincing dialogue. Yet, somehow *Twice Shy* does not in the end convince: the computer language is obtrusive, even boring; the failing marriage is integral but also boring; and Jonathan and William both seem rather dim-witted in the face of repeated efforts on the part of a simple thug to kill them. The whole is exceedingly English, in that neither brother seems able to see that one day they may have to eliminate Angelo Gilbert, killing machine, and so they play games that lead to even further risks.

The Ludlum phenomenon continues to defeat me. *The Parsifal Mosaic* (Random House, $15.95) is the mix as served up nine times before, only fatter—630 pages. That's *Moby Dick*. No it isn't. One entire chapter is taken up with the hero making a fool of himself on an Italian wharf as racing footsteps are "Nearer . . . drawing nearer" and one hears *"Three Gunshots!"* (complete sentence and italics as in the original). What one is to make of a sailor who helps the reader follow his Italian by saying "What can you say to him *in riguàrdo a me* that he would *crédere*?" is utterly beyond my credere.

ROBIN W. WINKS

Robin W. Winks, professor of history at Yale, writes regularly about mysteries for TNR.

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BRIEF REVIEWS

From Embargo to Ostpolitik by Angela Stent

(Cambridge University Press, 252 pp., $39.95)

The Reagan Administration has once again drawn the trade weapon, fatally wounding one Secretary of State and shooting five allies in the foot. It remains to be seen whether the President's sanctions aimed at delaying a Siberia-West Europe pipeline will also hurt its intended victim, the Soviet Union, whom the Administration wants to punish for acting as an accessory to repression in Poland.

The Soviets will not be hurt much to judge from the evidence compiled in Angela Stent's account of such embargoes in the Soviets' trade with West Germany, their most important commercial partner in the capitalist world. She concludes that the Soviets never make fundamental political concessions when they are denied trade. They always seem able to find alternative suppliers. The West German-Soviet trade record shows that economic levers have a chance of working against them only when there is a rough equivalence between the economic and political stakes. This time the economic stake is a delay —a year or two according to Administration spokesmen—in obtaining technology for pipeline turbines and compressor stations. This is trivial for the Soviets compared to their need to maintain order in Poland, a stake that Professor Stent would characterize as a "core political goal." When such asymmetry exists, linkage has not worked in the past.

From Embargo to Ostpolitik also suggests why the Germans are determined to resist American directives this time. Before 1969, Washington was able to define the East-West trade agenda. The German government complied with embargo orders in 1962 out of political loyalty to the United States and because Soviet trade was relatively unimportant to them economically and politically. German foreign policy has become more independent in the intervening twenty years. Trade with the East today is regarded in Bonn as an element that stabilizes the political relationships with Russia, Poland, and East Germany established by Willy Brandt's *Ostpolitik*. Moreover, although relatively small in aggregate terms, Eastern trade is highly important to certain sectors and firms, in steel for instance. It has increased nearly twentyfold since 1962. And—a key point made by Professor Stent—energy trade became the most profitable part of this commercial relationship during the 1970s.

So Bonn wants to separate Eastern trade from politics. Washington, on the other hand, wants to politicize it, believing that linkage can induce the Soviets to moderate their international conduct and to alter the internal political and economic system in the Soviet Union and also in Poland. For European political leaders—and for Professor Stent—these are illusions.

These are the kinds of issues treated in Professor Stent's history of "the political economy of West German-Soviet relations" during the past thirty years. They have a fascinating topicality. A chapter, for instance, on the 1962-1963 effort by the U.S. to get the Germans to ban the export of pipe for a Soviet oil line to Central Europe shows that Washington was advancing the same arguments then as now: that the deal would provide the Soviet Union with new technology and make the Europeans dependent on it for energy. Then as now we went ahead and exported our wheat to the Russians while insisting that the Germans not sell their pipe. That embargo, Professor Stent argues, caused more damage to U.S.-German relations than to the Soviet economy. It will be no different now.

Thoroughly researched and carefully focused, Angela Stent's study examines several varieties of political-economic linkage practiced by the Soviets, by the

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Germans on their own, and by the Germans at U.S. insistence. Detailed as the presentation is, it also succeeds in giving a broad picture of a central element in East-West rivalry in Europe. Regrettably, the publishers have set a punitively high price on a book that deserves and could attract a wide readership.

R. G. LIVINGSTON

R. G. Livingston is a professor of German studies at Georgetown University.

Branch Rickey
by Murray Polner

(Atheneum, 307 pp., $14.95)

Cranked out like so many sets of baseball cards (without the brittle bubble gum), sports biographies usually amount to little more than a few quotations surrounded by past seasons' highlights. Murray Polner's *Branch Rickey* manages to overcome the genre's limitations; it is a vivid portrait of an engaging American original—a man whose radical innovations and commanding presence dominated baseball from 1903 until his retirement in 1965.

Rickey is best remembered for breaking baseball's color line by introducing Jackie Robinson in 1947. Polner, editor of *Present Tense* magazine, traces Rickey's personal and social philosophy back to his stern Methodist upbringing, which taught him to honor the simple principles of "sobriety, frugality, and industry" and "limitless opportunities for salvation through good works." Later, when instructing his players to serve as models for young boys, baseball's preeminent preacher deemed it his duty to deliver sermons on "clean living and moral stamina" with plenty of homespun bits of wisdom about "luck as the residue of design" sprinkled in for good measure.

These maxims may strike today's readers as Horatio Alger hokum. But they allowed Rickey to recognize the injustice of segregating black athletes. For Rickey, who often told of the time he watched a black teammate in college "rubbing and rubbing" his skin "as though he would remove its blackness by sheer friction," Robinson was as much a symbol in the fight against racial discrimination as an invaluable asset on the playing field. This "conservative" also struggled in vain to preserve baseball's obligation to its local patrons in the face of avaricious owners like Walter O'Malley who, upon defeating Rickey in a power struggle for the control of shares in the Dodgers, uprooted a thriving franchise in Brooklyn to chase after even higher profits in Los Angeles. The newly reincarnated "Los Angeles Dodgers" offended Rickey's sensibilities: "A ball club in a city in America is a quasi-public institution," he argued, "and in Brooklyn the Dodgers were public without the quasi. . . [O'Malley] committed a crime against the community." Rickey's theory of virtue presents an attractive contrast to the current spectacle of baseball as an unbridled commercial enterprise, acknowledging no obligations except to the bottom line.

DAVID SEIDEMAN

TRB, *from page 6*

Richmond and his collection of French Impressionist art. It was written off as a company expense. Illegal. Then came reports that Richmond had given his staff money to buy marijuana and cocaine, and disclosures that Richmond had aided an escaped convict, a man convicted of assault with intent to murder. He paid for the fugitive's residence in Washington and helped him get a job (under an assumed name) in the folding room of the House of Representatives. This last episode came to light when the fugitive, Earl Randolph, a.k.a. John McLaughlin, was arrested in Manhattan for soliciting sex with an undercover police officer in the back of a car belonging to Fred Richmond.

In the midst of all this, a grand jury was convened in Brooklyn. The prosecutor called Richmond's activities "self-destructive and senseless. The headline-hunting politician issued one statement: "I don't feel one bit embarrassed. I am not ashamed of anything I've done. I've done nothing wrong." Then he stonewalled to the end.

Meanwhile, the House Committee on Standards of Official Conduct did virtually nothing with the Richmond case. While the Brooklyn grand jury tested Richmond's ability to avoid criminal prosecution for the better part of a year, the House proved once again that its standards for membership are, simply, a lack of absolute proof of criminality.

The political realities have been clear for some time. Meade Esposito said, "I can't support him. I work hard at maintaining the dignity of this organization. If he runs, he won't stand a Chinaman's chance." But Richmond intended to run all along. He planned to get the grand jury report and the guilty plea out of the way before the September 23 primary, then rely on his usual deep pockets to beat three opponents.

This case illustrates what's wrong with plea bargaining when public officials are involved. Fred Richmond was a one-man crime wave, and he got off with a guilty plea to three minor charges, along with assurances that he won't be prosecuted for the rest. He could still get seven years in the pokey, though such things rarely happen to the high muckety-mucks. The only good thing about the arrangement is that it includes a promise not to run again. So the 14th district of New York is without representation until next January, and it is better off that way.

The prosecutor who struck the plea-bargaining deal says, "The American people believe the federal government has acted vigorously in prosecuting corrupt government officials." Unless the sentencing judge throws the book at Fred Richmond, the American people are entitled to believe no such thing.

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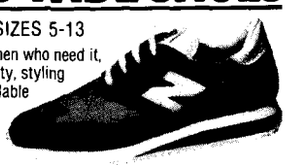

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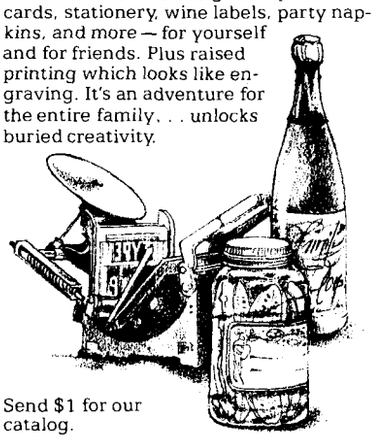

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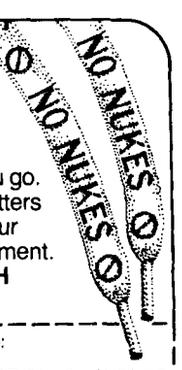

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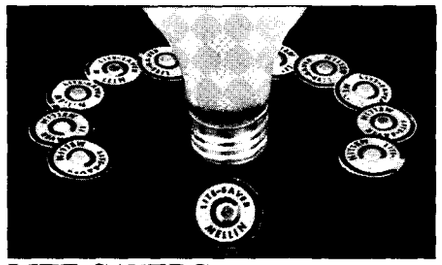

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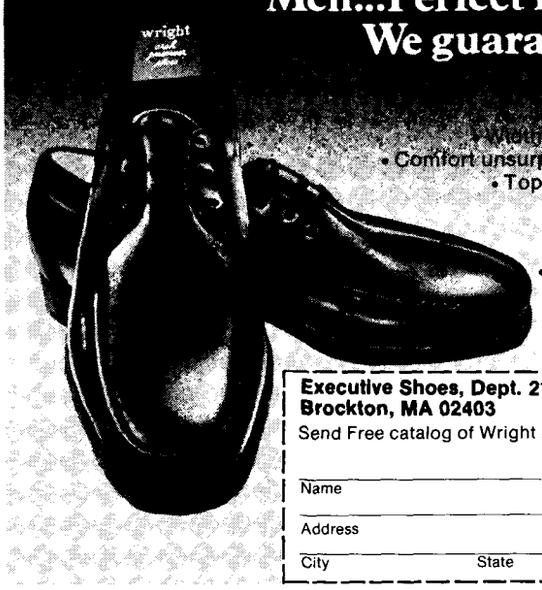

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LONDON DIARIST

Manners

NO MATTER HOW MANY times I go to London, my heart always leaps with delight when I see a street sign, with an arrow, marked "Diversion." It takes a minute for me to remember that this is only British for "detour," and not a pointer to an amusement park. I was a bit startled this time when my taxi drew up to my rented flat, next to a sign that read "Diversion Ends." This, however, proved not to be the case.

AMONG THE MOST elevating sights for a visitor who lives in a Manhattan egg-box are the spacious and opulent public rooms of European buildings. One of my favorite semipublic places for years was the ladies' room at the Ritz, an enormous, pink, mirrored, make-believe ballroom with swan taps and a vanity with a silver dressing-table set. Alas, the Ritz is being renovated by a space-conscious management, and the lovely, restful retreat is no more. But in the Garrick Club, where a friend had me to lunch, I found a reasonably entertaining substitute. (The Garrick is a mighty fortress of tradition. When I put half of one foot into the barroom, all the men waved me back, vociferously, as if they had scarlet fever.) The Garrick has a wonderfully pretty and comfortable, if not enormous, room. It has a vanity, linen towels, pink plush chairs, a fireplace full of dried flowers, and, under a glass bell, an amazing sculpture—a bisque statue of a girl applying a hairbrush to the bottom of another girl who is over her knee, with her skirt pulled up and her drawers split apart. Downstairs I said smugly to my host, "Well, I bet I can tell you something about the Garrick Club you don't know. There is the most extraordinary thing in the ladies' room." He looked around at the nice old people getting outside their Stilton and figs and cream. "But we *are* in the ladies' room—oh, I see. Of course, you're American. Tell me, what *is* so odd about the women's lavatory?" The term "ladies' room" often provokes this sort of amused bewilderment among the British, who call it a silly euphemism. "Rest room" sends them into fits. I maintain these are no worse than "lavatory," and definitely an improvement over "cloakroom," which confused the hell out of me.

TO CAMBRIDGE, where about one hundred neatly dressed and shorn young conservatives have gathered to hear a speech by the ferocious Tory anarchist writer Auberon Waugh. The speaker explains how welfare-state bureaucracy has made the British unemployable: "If you employ someone, someone comes to measure your windows to see if the bugger can jump out of them, and if your carpets are fireproof." He makes an incredible statement, which I later discover to be true: that the union leaders want the next Labour government to oversee all newspapers and determine whether or not they are "objective." Good grief. Waugh's own view of objectivity-in-the-press is more cavalier: "If a newspaper is rubbish, it prints rubbish, and you don't believe it, unless you're a total fool, in which case it doesn't matter what you believe." Waugh's philosophy is, I suppose, the ultimate libertarian line: "All government is, by its nature, opposed to freedom, so anyone looking to government to give him more freedom is whistling in the wind. I think everyone should make their own arrangements and see what they can get away with." Afterward a man comes up to tell him a story about the unemployable English. It seems that the Duke of Edinburgh visited an employment center and asked a man how long he had been looking for work. "Seventeen years," the man replied. "Well," replied the duke, giving him a broad smile and a hearty handshake, "good luck!"

I SOMETIMES THINK the English promote their good manners so intensely, because under the thinnest of skins is the savagery of the jungle. No one, but no one, is rude like an upper-class English person. I was once quasi-introduced to one at a party: as I put out my hand, she turned to the person giving her my name and said, "Oh, do you know who I *really* want to meet?" This time I was privileged to watch a confrontation between two Tallulahs at a birthday party. The host's girl friend clearly resented the presence of an old number, and, filling a glass with punch, marched on the unfortunate lady, emptied it down the front of her black dress, and kept on going, calling over her shoulder, "Sorry, darling!" leaving her with strawberries and cucumber slices dripping from her bosom. A little while later the victim filled her glass with red wine, and walked over to her attacker, who wore a pale yellow gown. Calmly, she poured the contents over the other woman's dress, smiled, said "Oh, I'm *so* sorry, darling," and exited, stage right. The next day, a friend to whom I repeated the tale said this kind of entertainment is routine. At the party she went to, a woman slapped her boyfriend for being too friendly to another woman. "And, my dear, before she did, she turned her rings around."

PERHAPS THE MOST otherworldly place in London is St. James's Park, a narrow greensward with a willow-bordered lake, on whose banks roam egrets and other exotic birds that would be barbecued within hours if they were let loose in Central Park. Standing on the little bridge over the lake, one can see the gilt and cream facade of Buckingham Palace at one end, the towers of Whitehall at the other. Only the occasional glints of sunlight on moving metal, as cars speed by the other side of the wooded border, remind you that you're not in a children's book illustration. (Even the people in this most elegant of London parks could be models for Royal Doulton figures—the Mary Poppins nannies and children, the twinkly old people feeding pigeons that scurry at their feet and land, wings blurring, on their wrists.) I crossed the bridge and walked through wide and shining streets, then narrowing and sooty ones, to Charing Cross, where, at my Underground entrance, a street musician was playing and singing. With typical British efficiency, he was trying to accompany his song with a harmonica. I started to pass the small, ragged man, who was grinning as he alternated a phrase of song with a few bars of "The Wedding March," and then, two steps away, I stopped. The tune was the same, but he was singing, "Here come the poor, here come the poor."

RHODA KOENIG

Rhoda Koenig is the literary editor of *New York* magazine.

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